

FAREWELL TO WILSON—NEW YEAR'S HONOURS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,737.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

PRESIDENT WILSON BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS BRITISH HOSTS



Left to right: Mrs. Wilson, the Queen, President Wilson, the King and Princess Mary.



Special photograph of the King and President Wilson.

The King accompanies President Wilson from Buckingham Palace to Victoria Station.—(Daily Mirror.)

King George and Queen Mary yesterday said good-bye to President and Mrs. Wilson at Victoria Station on the conclusion of their distinguished guests' visit to this country.

The President spoke of the cordiality of his reception in all places and by all classes in Great Britain as having given him an overwhelming and unforgettable experience.

HONOURS FOR DISTINGUISHED SOLDIERS JUST ANNOUNCED IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOUR GAZETTE.



Major-General Frederick Hugh Sykes, C.M.G., who is gazetted to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in the New Year's list.



Major-General William Sefton Brancher, A.F.C., is gazetted to be a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in the New Year's list.



Unit Administrator Miss Clara Neale, of Q.M.W.A.A.C., who is gazetted to be a Military Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.



Major-General John Maitland-Salmond, C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., who becomes Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.



Major-General Charles Rosenthal, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who is gazetted to be a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in the New Year's list.

NEW KNIGHTS AND BARONETS.

**Prime Minister's Secretary
Receives K.C.B.**

SIR ABE BAILEY'S HONOUR.

**Knighthoods for Air Generals—
Honours for Admirals.**

The New Year's Honours contained in last night's *London Gazette* and the Colonial Office list—not the main honours list, which will be issued later this month—embrace some interesting names.

There are three Privy Counsellors, four baronets, including Sir Abe Bailey, and a number of knights, including three air generals, and Mr. William Sutherland, M.P., the Premier's private secretary.

Privy Counsellors.—Sir Louis Davies, Chief Justice of Canada; Hon. Lyman P. Duff, Canadian Puisne Judge; and the Hon. Sir A. P. Sinha.

Baronets.—The baronets include Sir Abe Bailey, member of the House of Assembly, South Africa. He is the Rand millionaire, who was born in Cape Colony in 1865.

He was a close friend of Rhodes, and when the latter died Sir Abe was selected to succeed him in the Cape Parliament as member for Barkley West. His wife, the Hon. Lady Bailey, is the daughter of Lord Rosemore.

Sir L. A. Selby Bigge, Secretary to the Board of Education. He succeeded to the post when Sir Robert Morant went to the Insurance Commission in 1911. The other two baronets are Sir M. W. E. de Bunsen, former British Ambassador in Vienna, and Mr. Thomas Ross, of the Chancery Division, Ireland.

AIR GENERALS KNIGHTED.

Honours for Major-Generals F. H. Sykes, W. S. Brancker and J. M. Salmon.

Air Knights.—Among the military honours are the following Air Knights: Major-General F. H. Sykes (Order of the Bath), Major-General P. W. S. Brancker and J. M. Salmon.

Major-General Sykes, who was appointed Staff Chief in April last, was one of the members of the Flying Corps Committee who drew up the original scheme of organization of the Royal Flying Corps.

He founded the flying centres of Marseilles and Narbonne, established and commanded the Concentration camp, R.E.F., on Salisbury Plain in the summer of 1914, and when war was declared took the Flying Force to France.

The pilots flew to Amiens, proceeded to Mauberge, and the force accompanied the Army during the retreat to the Marne and the advance to the Aisne.

In May, 1915, Colonel Sykes was sent to Kitchener to report on the position from an air point of view in the Dardanelles. His report was approved, and with the rank of Colonel-Commandant of Marines and Wing Captain, R.N.A.S., he took out the flying force to the Dardanelles.

After a period of duty as Deputy Director of Organization at the War Office he was appointed a member of the Supreme War Council at Versailles.

Major-General Brancker originally belonged to the Artillery. For some time he was Sir David Henderson's deputy in the directorate of Military Aeronautics.

Major-General J. M. Salmon, Director-General of Military Aeronautics, was a captain in the King's Own Regiment and was also attached to the Flying Corps when the war broke out. He won the D.S.O. early in the campaign and has been mentioned in dispatches three times. He is the second son of General Sir W. and Lady Salmon, of Maddon House, Somerset.

RAPID RISE TO FAME.

Mr. Graeme Thomson, Who Was a "Discovery of the War."

Knights.—Mr. William Sutherland, who has received the K.C.B., is the new M.P. for Argyllshire, and the very able private secretary of the Prime Minister.

Another interesting K.C.B. is Mr. Graeme Thomson, Director of Transport, Ministry of Shipping. His career during the war was an extraordinary one, and early in 1915, Mr. Churchill described him as "one of the discoveries of the war."

In three months Mr. Thomson rose from the post of superintending clerk to that of director, and made all the arrangements whereby 1,000,000 men were taken across the seas without accident or loss of life.

He is a barrister, and is forty-three years of age.

Other K.C.B.s include Mr. William A. Robinson, Mr. J. C. G. Sykes, Secretary to the Liqueur Control Board; Joshua A. Flynn, Acting Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Munitions; Mr. William Henry Beveridge, Mr. John W. Cawston and Mr. Ernest Ford, K.C.

Mr. Beveridge is the Second Secretary, Ministry of Food. When he came from Oxford, where he had a brilliant career, he became Sub-Warden of Toynbee Hall and subsequently Director of Labour Exchanges.

Mr. Cawston was appointed Deputy Master



Major-General Sir John Monash, K.C.B., V.D., who receives the C.M.G. in to-day's list of New Year honours. Captain Lord Hans Wellesley, Holmpatrick, M.C., 16th Lancers (S.O.), who receives the D.S.O. in to-day's list of honours.

and Comptroller of the Royal Mint in 1917 and is a son of the late Rev. Dr. John Cawston, a chaplain of the Fleet.

In 1904 Mr. Cawston became a principal clerk in the Treasury and then Assistant Comptroller and Auditor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Moon is the counsel to the Speaker and was appointed by Mr. Lowther in 1907. He is the son of the late Sir Richard Moon, of the North-Western Railway.

PREMIERS IN HONOURS.

**K.C.M.G. for Mr. W. F. Lloyd, K.C., the
Prime Minister of Newfoundland.**

In the Order of St. Michael and St. George the G.C.M.G. goes to Vice-Admirals Sir A. John Cuthbert, Sir Montagu Browning and Sir John de Robeck; the K.C.M.G. goes to the Right Hon. W. F. Lloyd, K.C., Premier of Newfoundland, and the Hon. H. B. Lefroy, Premier of Western Australia, both of whom become Sir.

Sir John Geddes, Admiral Sir Charles Madden, General Sir H. Rawlinson and General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng get the G.C.B.

Major-General W. G. H. Salmon, who gets the C.B., is the brother of Major-General J. M. Salmon. He accomplished his first flight from Cairo to Delhi, a distance of 3,022 miles. The actual time in the air was thirty-six hours and the average speed just over seventy miles an hour.

K.B.E. (Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire) is awarded Admiral Robert Ne son Ommanney, Rear-Admiral Edmund Fitzmaurice Inglefield, Rear-Admiral Edmund Radcliffe Peers.

Major Sir John Simon, K.C., gets the O.B.E., as well as Major V. Sippe, D.S.O. The latter was the popular airman in the old Hendon days, and won the D.S.O. for his share in bombing the Zeppelin factory at Friedrichshafen.

W.R.A.F.s DECORATED.

**C.E.s, M.B.E.s and Royal Red Cross for
Women War Workers.**

W.R.A.F.s.—Women's Royal Air Force.—Asst. Comdt., Class I, Mrs. Winifred Powell; Asst. Comdt., Class II, Mrs. Mary Edwards; and Asst. Comdt., Class II, Mrs. Margaret Moss.

M.B.E.—Administrator Miss M. T. Talbot, Asst. Administrator Miss M. A. Thompson, Asst. Administrator Mrs. O. E. Tibbels, and Superintendent Mrs. C. Bathasar Gething.

Royal Red Cross.—1st Class: Mrs. L. Doughty-Wylie, M.B.E., matron, Limenaria Hospital, Thosias. 2nd Class: Miss M. Rutherford-Hanna, nursing sister, R.A.F. Hospital, Vendome, and Miss E. Sandford, M.B.E., assistant matron, Limenaria Hospital, Thosias.

ANTARCTIC KNIGHTHOOD.

**Mr. Kinsey of New Zealand—India's Coal
Controller a Sir.**

Knights Bachelor.—Judge Bray, of Bloomsbury County Court, is among the knights bachelor, who include Mr. Thomas Willes Chitty, Master of the Supreme Court of Justice; Mr. R. S. Taylor, President of the Law Society, and Dr. George D. Thane, Principal Inspector under Cruelty to Animals Act, Home Office.

Mr. J. J. Kinsey, of Christchurch, New Zealand, who has rendered valuable and valuable assistance for many years to Antarctic expeditions, and Mr. George Cochrane Godfrey, Coal Controller, India, also receive knighthoods.

REWARDS FOR BRAVE DUTCHMEN.

The silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea has been awarded to three Dutch sailors belonging to the garrison of Terschelling.

When the British tanker boat ran ashore in flames the three men swam out to her and brought wounded in, swimming altogether 2,000 yards.

TRAGEDY OF A MEAL.

Death from Natural Causes was the verdict found at West Ham yesterday on Arthur Stringfellow, aged fifty-five, who was stated to have enjoyed himself at Christmas time.

On Friday night he had a pork and rabbit supper, and later, after groaning a great deal, died. The doctor said death was due to heart disease, following a distended stomach acting upon a weak heart.

VILLAGE MYSTERY.

**Servant Girl Finds Three People
Dead in Lonely House.**

FAVOURITE DOG ALSO A VICTIM

A terrible farmhouse tragedy was discovered in the early hours of yesterday morning at Ford, a small village adjoining the banks of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal about six miles from Liverpool.

The servant rose as usual at about half-past five, and, on going downstairs, was horrified to find Mr. and Mrs. Bower laying dead in the sitting-room. She immediately went upstairs to inform the father, but tripped over the dead body of the favourite dog, which used to lie at the foot of Mr. Bower, senior's bed.

The latter was also lying dead in bed. All the victims appeared to have died from gunshot wounds.

A baby was the only member of the family left alive. The house is situated in a lonely spot.

PREMIER'S PLANS.

**Mr. Lloyd George to Complete
New Ministry in Wales.**

The exclusive announcement in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* of the probable formation of a small Cabinet—after the model of the War Cabinet—to deal with demobilisation, has excited much interest in political circles.

The Premier hopes to complete the construction of his Ministry during his Wales visit.

As the second largest party, Labour expects to become recognised as the Opposition.

Liberal M.P.'s Reported Offer.—It is asserted that an offer to resign his seat in favour of Mr. Asquith has been received from a Liberal M.P.'s Threat—A Sinn Féin member says that if the Peace Conference fails then Sinn Féin M.P.s will go to Parliament and "raise hell in the House."

Owing to Mr. Dillon's defeat, the group of Nationalist M.P.s re-elected, including Captain Redmond and Mr. Joe Devlin, may resign.

WOMAN HATER'S DEATH.

**Old Bachelor Who Refused to
Accept Neighbours' Help.**

The story of an old bachelor's hatred of women, which led him to refuse the offer made by neighbours to assist him in his illness, was told at a Whistclub inquest yesterday.

An old age pensioner, named Alexander Morris, had not been seen by neighbours for a fortnight. On entering the house the old man was found by the police lying dead on the floor.

A neighbour said that when she last saw him a fortnight ago he said that he had been very ill. She asked if she could do anything for him, and he replied: "Why should you?" He then went into his house and shut the door.

He would not let his neighbours do anything for him because he was a woman hater.

"OPIUM HIDDEN IN SOCKS."

**Court Story of What Was Found
on Two Chinamen.**

Two Chinamen, Chong Wung and Chee Chong, members of the crew of the steamship *Turret Court*, charged with being in possession of opium, were remanded at Preston yesterday.

The prosecuting solicitor said that when prisoners went to the police station to get their papers signed they were searched and Wung had ten ounces and 184 grains of opium concealed in his socks and knitted necktie, besides opium dress loose in his pockets.

BOGUS LOTTERY.

**Prison for Man Who Planned
Prisoners of War Fund Swindle.**

A remarkable story of a bogus lottery was told at Bow-street yesterday, when Ernest Irwin, described as a bone-setter, of Newhall-street, Birmingham, was sentenced to nine months in the second division for obtaining money by false pretences.

Mr. Knight, prosecuting for the Commissioner of Police, said prisoner had started a bogus lottery. He had some circulars printed in which he stated that a draw would take place at the Royal Exchange on December 31 in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund, the first prize being £500 in War Bonds, with other prizes of £100, £50 and £5 each in War Bonds.

Prisoner arranged with the liftman at 110, Strand, to receive letters for him at that address. A parcel of letters which prisoner sent for contained £57 in remittances.

LAUREATE'S POEM FOR M.T.V.s.

For the all-star matinee in support of the work of the Motor Transport Volunteers at the Coliseum on Sunday week the Poet Laureate, Mr. Robert Bridges, has promised to write a poem for the occasion. The manuscript will be sold by auction.

THE GREATEST OF ALL NEW YEARS.

**How London Celebrated
the Birth of 1919.**

"THE EMPTY GLASS."

**Thousands Greet the Peace Year
at St. Paul's Cathedral.**

This is New Year's Day. It is the greatest of all New Years that the present generation has known.

London, Paris, New York and Rome—to say nothing of innumerable smaller towns—will to-day welcome the new year with feelings of unspeakable joy.

London last night was in joyous mood.

The streets were thronged with people—people who did not seem to have a care in the world. They sang songs; they paraded; they "let themselves go." They were happy. The war was over. The "boys" were coming back. Peace at last!

Restaurants and hotels were crowded. Hundreds were refused admission.

In many a home and around many a gay and joyous West End restaurant table, however, there was one unspoken thought—the memory of someone who was very dear—of someone who had fallen in the war.

On the table there was the turned-down "empty glass" that bespoke so much.

Even the waiters knew its significance. It was sacred. To remove it was sacrilege.

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

In the Strand the procession of motor-cars was so dense that buses were pulled up so as to allow their fares to enter the hotels.

As midnight approached thousands, linked arm-in-arm, joined the already huge crowd at St. Paul's, and when the bells announced that we were on the verge of entering into a new period "Auld Lang Syne" was sung.

A few minutes later the New Year was made known, and there was no mistaking the welcome.

The Scottish element naturally predominated, and the scene was enhanced by the presence of military and naval men from all parts of the Empire.

THE "ALL CLEAR."

**Boy Scouts Ride Through the City
"Blowing" in the New Year.**

When midnight struck Boy Scouts on bicycles went forth into the streets blowing the "All clear" on their buxins.

In the nights of war their clarion call meant repose and mental relief to hundreds of thousands of the King's subjects. Last night the all too familiar notes had a much happier meaning.

It was the call of peace—the call to a happier and brighter New Year.

At the Ritz Hotel there were 322 diners for the New Year festivities. Among the guests were the Maharajah of Bikaner, Prince Nicholas of Rumania, the Grand Duke Dimitri, Lady Stanley, Lady Cunard, Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lord Cavan, Lady Woodroff, Lord Murray, Lord Douglas, Lord Tredegar, Sir George and Lady Perly.

"A NEW WORLD."

**Archbishop of Canterbury and a Land
Worthy of Our Sacrifices.**

The Archbishop of Canterbury in a New Year's letter to the clergy and laity of the diocese, says:—

"A New Year, a New Era, a New World open before us, problems and perplexities innumerable. We need firm hearts."

"World statesmen and spokesmen must have the backing of their peoples. Let those who have to speak for us in the most momentous Conference the world has ever known, do it with the knowledge that we at home are set upon making and keeping our country fit for its place."

"We mean ours to be a land worthy of what we have sacrificed and borne."

STAGGERED BY CHEAPER GAS.

The announcement that the South Suburban Gas Company have reduced the price of gas by 3d. per 1,000 ft. was welcome news to consumers, but it came as a staggering surprise to many other gas companies.

Further increased charges for electricity are proposed by the East Ham Corporation.

CITY'S £750,000 RED CROSS GIFT.

A first cheque for £750,000 has been handed to the British Red Cross as a result of the Lord Mayor's City of London appeal, launched in October last, this being the largest single cheque yet received by the Red Cross.

V.C. AT 19.

At Buckingham Palace yesterday morning the King pinned the V.C. on the breast of Thomas Holmes, 16th Canadian Mounted Rifle Battalion, who is only nineteen years of age.

TRAGIC DEATH OF CAPTAIN ROBINSON, THE ZEPP V.C.

Cuffley Hero Succumbs to Influenza After Enduring Prison Hardships in Germany.

BROUGHT DOWN FIRST AIRSHIP IN ENGLAND

Airman's Love Romance—Bereaved Fiancee.

Captain Lee Robinson, V.C., the first airman who brought down a Zeppelin in England, died last night at Stanmore, near Harrow.

It was at Cuffley, on September 3, 1916, that Captain Robinson brought down a Zeppelin, and for this act he received the V.C.

Later he fell into the hands of the Germans, and only returned from captivity on December 14.

In an interview after his return to England he told of the close confinement and privations he and other officers had been subjected to in Germany.

HEALTH BROKEN BY HUNS.

He said he made three or four attempts to escape, and finally the Germans put him into solitary confinement in a very small cell.

Since his repatriation he had suffered severely as the result of this imprisonment in Germany, and for over a week had been ill with influenza, his death being due to that cause.

Captain Lee Robinson was a brother of Baroness Heyking. He was engaged to be married to Mrs. Whipple.

FULL ADMIRAL'S RANK FOR SIR D. BEATTY.

Marquis of Milford Haven Retires—Sir Reginald Tupper Promoted.

The Admiralty announced last night that Admiral the Marquis of Milford Haven and Admiral Sir George E. Patey have been placed on the retired list at their own request, to date from to-day.

Consequent on the above, the following promotions have been made from the same date:—Admiral (acting) Sir David Beatty to be Admiral, and to continue, while holding his present appointment during the war, to take rank and command as an Admiral of seniority of November 27, 1915.

Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald G. O. Tupper to be Admiral.

Vice-Admiral (acting) Arthur C. Leveson to be Vice-Admiral and Vice-Admiral Sidney R. Fremantle (acting) to be Vice-Admirals.

Captain Cole C. Fowler, Captain N. F. Slayter and Captain Ronald A. Hopwood to be Rear-Admirals.

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE TO THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

Tribute "from the Heart" to Native Heroism and Courage.

In the course of a message from the Queen to the women of India her Majesty says:—"If my words are brief and simple, they are from the heart."

"In the seclusion and solitude of their homes the women of India have had to bear the bitterness of partings; to suffer bereavement and privation, to live through days and months of doubt and anxiety, in ignorance of the fortunes of the war and without tidings of their absent ones."

"I have heard of letters from Indian women to husbands, sons and brothers with the forces abroad, exhorting them to be brave in battle, stout-hearted in adversity, faithful to their country and the Throne to the point of death."

"I rejoice to think that many influences are at work which make for the greater well-being and advancement of the women of India. I watch with the deepest interest and sympathy every step that is taken to bring the means of education and knowledge more within their reach."

U.S. NAVAL INCREASE.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday. Mr. Daniels, the Naval Secretary, has asked the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives to increase the personnel of the Navy to 250,000, an increase of 100,000 over the present authorized strength.—Central News.

M. POINCARE CONFIDENT OF PEACE AGREEMENT.

No Trouble Anticipated at Great Versailles Conference.

COMING VISIT TO U.S.

PARIS, Tuesday.

That France, the United States and the Allies generally will enter the Peace Conference already agreed upon a basis of peace was forecasted by President Poincaré in a statement to Mr. W. Philip Simms, of the United Press, at the Palace of the Elysee.

The President declared that he anticipates visiting the United States after the Peace Conference.

France, said the President, was set upon without warning and was forced to bear the brunt of the fighting.

France's total losses up to the end of October were 1,831,000—nearly a twentieth of the population of France, the heaviest percentage of any belligerent. The loss of men would take France years to recover.

Germany must not only pay proper indemnities in money, but also in kind. Billions' worth of property had been destroyed or carried off, and entire industrial districts had been wiped out and cities razed.

Germany must not be permitted to get ahead of France by starting up factories while we are struggling to rebuild those of France which she destroyed.

RELYING ON MR. WILSON.

With reference to the Peace Conference, M. Poincaré declared that he did not anticipate the slightest trouble in arriving at complete agreement.

All the details were already in harmony and the general lines and details would be settled as soon as the delegates got to work. This would take some time, of course, as the details were of tremendous amount.

Speaking about President Wilson, M. Poincaré said:—

"We are particularly happy over his visit. He is bound to play a chief role in the Conference and much good may be accomplished by his coming. We appreciate his collaboration, which is most helpful."

MAY STAY LONGER.

Smiling, the French President observed: "There is so much to do that he may yet have to remain some time among us."

M. Poincaré was most generous in his praise of the American soldiers, who "came to our aid at the critical moment and put their telling weight in the scales."

"Many problems remain to be solved, not only in Western Europe, but in the East, the Near East, Africa and elsewhere."

"All these will necessarily arise in the Conference, where we hope at least to have the President's assistance in the settlement of principles before his departure."

PARIS, Tuesday.

Mr. Balfour to-day had a long conversation with Colonel House, in the course of which detailed arrangements for the Peace Conference, supplementary to those come to at the meeting of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, were settled.

HOLLAND'S 'YES' AND 'NO.'

With regard to the request of the British and other Governments to Holland to allow them facilities similar to those lately given to Germany to use Dutch railways and waterways, Reuter learns that the Netherlands Government has replied that it does not regard the passage of Germans as a precedent.

Holland declares that normal transit by Dutch rivers may be resumed, and there is no objection to transport by way of the Scheldt and the Rhine provided that such transport is made under the commercial flag.

THANKS TO WAR WINNERS.

In a telegram to the General Officers Commanding-in-Chief Great Britain, and the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief the forces in Ireland, the Army Council expresses "deep appreciation of the excellent manner in which they have carried out their arduous duties since the beginning of the war."

"They also desire to render their tribute of gratitude to the auxiliary services and departments, and not the least, the medical and nursing staffs, also to all who have in their several spheres of activity been engaged in supplying the needs of the armies in the field."



DEATH OF FAMOUS V.C.—News was received early this morning of the death of Captain W. Lee Robinson, V.C., at Stanmore from influenza. The late officer received the Victoria Cross for bringing down the Cuffley Zeppelin. In the above picture he is one of a group of famous airmen who all distinguished themselves against Hun air raiders. They are (A) Lieutenant F. Sowrey, (B) Captain Robinson, V.C., (C) Captain F. R. Stammer and (D) Lieutenant W. J. Tempest.

NEW GERMAN GOVERNMENT DELIVERS A PROGRAMME.

"Speedy Peace on as Favourable Terms as Possible."

News sent through the wireless stations of the German Government last night says:—

The new Government of the Empire has issued the following proclamation to the German people, which is signed by Herren Ebert, Scheidemann, Landsberg, Noske and Wissel:—

Workers, Soldiers and Citizens.—The Independents have withdrawn from the Government. Paralyzing discord has been overcome. The Government of the Empire has again been formed in unity. All the members of the Cabinet have equal powers. Herren Ebert and Scheidemann are the Presidents. And now to work.

The work to be done in internal affairs is to prepare for the National Assembly and to ensure its undisturbed session; to take measures for the feeding of the population; to undertake Socialisation according to the views of the Congress of the Councils; to deal sternly with war profiteering; to provide work and to support the unemployed; to organise relief for the dependents of those who have fallen; to advance by all possible means the scheme for a militia.

SECURITY v. VIOLENCE.

The work to be done in foreign affairs is to bring about peace as speedily as possible and on as favourable terms as possible, and to send abroad to represent the German Republic new men who are filled with the new spirit.

It is our duty to work! But you, all of you, must co-operate with us. It is to you also that the question of the Central Council is directed: "Are you prepared to protect the public peace and security against violence?"

"ORDERED TO ALLOW ALL GREEKS TO DIE."

Revelations by a Socialist Leader of Bulgar Atrocities.

Dr. Maximoff, the Bulgarian Socialist leader, who was in charge of the military hospitals established in the invaded portions of Greek Macedonia during the war, in the course of a recent sensational lecture at Burgas, says a Reuter Salonika message, admitted the truth of the reports regarding the atrocities practised by the Bulgarians on the Greek inhabitants in those regions.

"Highly-placed Bulgarian officers," he declared, "seized from the Greek merchants in Seres, Drama and Kavalla their tobacco stocks, which they subsequently sent to Bulgaria to be retailed there by their compatriots."

"As a result of these exactions, the formerly wealthy Greeks were reduced to a state of beggary."

"Having received orders from my superior officers," concluded Dr. Maximoff, "to allow all Greeks to die, even to the last man, I was thus prevented from succouring them in any way."

ITALY'S TOLL: 1,406,990.

The Italians have announced their losses and the belligerents' casualty roll up to now as follows:—

	Dead.	Wounded.
Russia	1,600,000	8,000,000
Germany	1,600,000	4,064,000
France	1,071,000	4,000,000
Austria	850,000	3,800,000
Great Britain	706,726	2,037,925
Italy	468,000	946,290
America	38,478	189,955

It is estimated that the number of men totally or partially disabled owing to wounds or illness contracted at the front exceeds half a million.

LONDON'S FAREWELL TO MR. WILSON.

Final Chat with the King at Victoria.

STIRRING DOVER SCENE.

President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson left London yesterday by special train en route for France. He crossed from Dover to Calais, where he was welcomed by a number of high Allied officers.

At 1 p.m. the Presidential train left for Paris.

The King and Queen and the Duke of Connaught accompanied the President and Mrs. Wilson to Victoria Station.

Others present on the platform included Mr. Lloyd George.

An entire absence of ceremony marked the departure of the presidential party, the only demonstration being on the part of the large crowd who cheered heartily, bringing forth once again the famous Wilson smile.

The King was in naval uniform and rode with the President in the first carriage, while the Queen and Princess Mary were with Mrs. Wilson in the second carriage.

The King stood for some little time on the platform chatting to his departing guests with Mr. Lloyd George and the Duke of Connaught.

Mrs. Wilson and the Queen carried on an animated conversation.

The President was the last to enter the train, and as he did so he turned to speak to the King, who was standing close to the footboard.

The Monarch and President shook hands, and Mrs. Wilson also shook hands.

CORDIAL MESSAGES.

Through the saloon windows the President and Mrs. Wilson waved their farewells, while their Majesties, with Princess Mary and the Duke of Connaught, smilingly waved their hands.

Shortly after the departure of the royal carriages Mr. Lloyd George left with Mr. Bohar Law, and there was a great scene. Round after round of cheers were given and cries of "Well done, Lloyd George!" rang out.

Most cordial messages were exchanged later, the President thanking his Majesty for his hospitality and kindness, and the King assuring the President in reply how glad he had been to have him and Mrs. Wilson under his roof.

THE FINAL HONOURS.

British Bluejackets Cheer As President's Ship Leaves Dover.

The President and Mrs. Wilson on arrival at Dover were received by the Marquis of Camden, Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, Rear-Admiral Dampier, the Mayor of Dover and many naval and military officers.

The President and his party crossed in the special boat Brighton, and as she left a salute was fired by the Old Battery at Dover Castle.

"The ships of the Fleet flew the American flag at the main, and the ships' companies cheered as the Brighton passed through the harbour and was led out to sea by H.M.S. Fernagant and an escort."

ROME VISIT NEXT.

PARIS, Tuesday. It is authoritatively announced that President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson will leave Paris on Thursday or Friday for Rome.—Central News.

ROME, Tuesday. It is announced here that President Wilson will visit Naples, Florence, Venice, and probably Milan.—Exchange.

DETECTIVE'S VISIT TO A TEA ROOM.

Waitresses Accused of Kissing Customers.

"THE £5 LOOK."

Mrs. Millicent Gibson, of Downe-terrace, Richmond, was summoned at the Mansion House, yesterday, for permitting disorderly conduct in the Royal Exchange Tea Room on nine dates in October and November.

Mr. Huntly Jenkins pleaded not guilty to all the summonses.

Mr. Vickery said that the defendant was the proprietress of the tea rooms which were situated in the basement of the Royal Exchange.

She was assisted by three waitresses known as Hilda, Alice and Betty, and defendant was known as Milly.

The conduct complained of was the usual kissing and cuddling between waitresses and customers, and it was decided to send police officers.

The average expenses of those officers amounted to 3s. 6d. on each of the nine days—rather expensive for a mere cup of tea.

Detective Johnson described his visit on October 30. Alice, one of the waitresses, was sitting on the settee with an officer.

She served witness with coffee and cake, and soon afterwards defendant entered the room. The officer then placed his arm around Alice's waist and she put her arm around his neck.

Mabel, another waitress, said to witness when defendant remarked: "I am waiting for someone to buy me a cup of tea." "You treat Milly, and this boy"—the officer—"will treat me."

"HE LOOKED AT ME, £5."

Detective's Story of a Reply Regarding His Bill.

Describing further visits to the rooms, the officer said that he witnessed a great deal of kissing and cuddling between customers and defendant and the waitresses. Some of the conduct between them was indecent.

When witness left on one occasion he asked the defendant how much his bill was. Mabel said: "He looked at me, £5." Defendant said: "Oh, that will make it 2s. 6d." If you had looked at me it would not have been any more."

On a third visit witness saw various amorous scenes. Hilda cuddled a sailor who was there and they both rolled about on the settee.

The conduct of Alice, Hilda, the sailor and a man known as Bert became very riotous. All four cuddled each other generally.

A customer named George came in and the defendant said to him: "Kiss me; I haven't had a peace kiss yet."

He paid three further visits to the tea-room and witnessed similar scenes. His total expenses for the nine visits came to £11s. 9d.

On November 22 and 23 witness played pon-toon with the defendant, the waitresses, an officer known as "Canada" and a customer called Monty, and he won 1s. 6d.

While they were playing cards Alice sat on the officer's knee. They also had another card game called "Slippery Sam," and witness lost 2s.

On the application of Mr. Huntly Jenkins, for the defence, the case was adjourned until January 15.

DRAMA OF THE RIVER.

Woman Found Clinging to a Post in a Weir.

Escaping in the early hours of the morning from a nursing home, a woman mental patient, aged sixty, was found clinging to a post in midstream at Chertsey Weir.

Only her head and shoulders were visible above the water, and owing to the difficulty of reaching the spot, due to the swift current, some time elapsed before her rescue was effected.

On reaching the bank, although suffering from severe cold, she refused brandy and was taken in a motor-car to the police station.

Her shoes were found on the Middlesex bank upstream. It is presumed that she entered the Thames at that spot and was carried on towards the weir.

MEN OF WAR—AND PEACE.

Lord Curzon and the Premier's "Almost Bewildering Majority."

"A general election has placed in power by an overwhelming, almost bewildering, majority the men who, powerless but for the valour of our fighters, have succeeded in carrying the war to a successful issue and have been entrusted with the not less arduous enterprise of peace."

In these words Earl Curzon of Kedleston addresses the Primrose League in a New Year's message. He continues:

"Within the four walls of our creed, insisting, as it does, on the sanctions of religion, adherence to our Constitution, continued solidarity of the Empire (the most powerful embryo league of nations that the world has ever seen), lies the way to many of the problems that will now confront us."

NAVY AND ARMY RACE MEETING AT MALTA



Finish for the polo ponies' race, which was won by Good Morning by a narrow margin.



Major-General Hunter Blair, who acted as judge.

At the first race meeting of peace-time organised by the Navy and Army Racing Club of Malta. It was in every way a most successful event.



RESIGNING.—Mr. U. F. Winston, C.B., C.M.G., who has tendered his resignation of his post as Controller of the Stationery Office.



HOME AGAIN.—Captain G. D. F. Budd, Leicestershire Regiment, the well-known county cricketer, who has just arrived home from German prison.



AIRMAN'S RETURN.—Lieutenant Shum, of the Royal Air Force, who has just returned from a German prison camp, with his wife and children. He is captain of the Molesey Fire Brigade when not engaged in fighting the Huns.

775,000 MEN ALREADY BACK IN CIVVIES.

Why Demobilisation is Not General.

THOSE WHO MUST STAY.

Until more definite knowledge is available as to the size of the British Army which must be maintained for the present on the Rhine, general demobilisation, *The Daily Mirror* learns, cannot be ordered.

By virtue of their qualifications slip men or pivotal men and those holding positions in certain services, such as transportation, the Army Service Corps, Army Ordnance Corps, Veterinary Corps, etc., cannot be spared.

Substitution will be effected as far as possible to facilitate the release of men urgently required for the development of industry.

When the armistice was signed, the Navy, Army and Air Force amounted to six and a half million men, but the country's total war effort, including munitions, etc., at home and abroad, exceeded ten millions of men and women, of whom releases have already been effected to the following extent—

Armed forces (including men in reserves)	270,000
Prisoners of war returned (including civilians)	115,000
Demobilised munition workers	390,000
Total	775,000

There are fourteen departments concerned in demobilisation, each under a responsible Minister, and obviously it was not possible to appoint another Minister over their heads. The War Cabinet asked Sir Eric Geddes to undertake, for a short period, the work of co-ordination, but he is not assuming any executive duties.

The size of the Army in France has practically been settled by Marshal Foch, in consultation with our generals and those of the other States allied in the war. This has left a very large margin for demobilisation on which it is possible to draw.

At present discharge is taking place largely on a nominal basis, but as soon as the present situation is over it will be done to a far greater extent on an industrial basis.

Later whole formations may be brought home and demobilised here. Marshal Foch has said that on a selective basis the maximum rate at which men can be discharged is 10,000 a day. On a non-selective basis that could be increased to 22,000 or 23,000 per day.

TRADE BOOM CERTAIN.

Excess Profits Tax To Go?—Restoring Confidence.

The Government is seeking to improve the economic situation by giving attention to the key trades of industries.

While it is their policy to get rid of all control as quickly as possible, it is regarded as desirable to retain maximum prices for raw materials that are short on the market through war conditions.

In order to restore the confidence of industry, the excess profits tax and the pledges to the trade unions will receive early consideration.

It is certain that there must be a great boom in trade, and, although the outlook at the moment may be uncertain, the men who prepare for this boom will be in the best position to take advantage of it when it comes.

The Government is opposed to financing key industries because it would involve the continuance of State control. Nevertheless, certain key industries are to be helped in some way or other.

Take the housing question. It was found that bricks were the key factor, and the country was sadly deficient in kilns for their manufacture. Steps have therefore been taken to increase the brickworks of the country.

SWEEPING WESTWARD.

Bolshevist Masses Advancing on Riga and Reval.

The Russian Bolsheviks, in a wireless message, claim that, after fierce fighting, they are advancing on Riga and Reval, "capturing guns, prisoners and booty."

Esthonia is an r-r-ops on the Northern Narva front, have been forced to retire by the advance of strong Bolshevik forces.

The situation is described as grave, but not hopeless, as the Esthonian Diet has accepted the Finnish offer of help.

Guns and material have already been sent to the aid of the troops in the field.—Reuter.

ZEEBRUGGE HERO WEDS.

Newly-Elected V.C., M.P. for Blackburn, Acts as Best Man.

Lieutenant Herbert Tracey, R.N.V.R., was married to Miss Isobel Hawkins at Burstow Parish Church, Sussex, yesterday.

The bridegroom, a baritone singer, was mentioned in dispatches for his services at Zeebrugge, and the bride is deputy superintendent of the largest military canteen in the metropolis.

The best man was Commander P. T. Dean, V.C., M.P., who defeated Mr. Philip Snowden at Blackburn election.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1919.

A REALLY NEW YEAR AT LAST?

LAST night it was arranged that the Boy Scouts should sound their "All Clear" over London, as a reminder of ugly things past, and a hope of better things to be.

An idea not lacking in poetry!—better than the usual screaming from balconies, or revelling in streets; better, too, than the armistice-maroon inspiration. For, on this occasion, you were duly warned, and we presume that if you heard the bugles you did not regret the cellar, and think you "ought to have been there all the time": as, when some people heard the peace maroons, they made at once for the basement.

This other call always did bring relief. The maroons brought woe. We are glad officialdom has reformed. It would have been more like their old ways, had they sent Dora round to every door, announcing her own death. . . .

The New Year needs a right commemoration because it is, of all human festivals—as distinct from those like Christmas and Easter—the most renovating, the most beautiful. Now, to-day, in imagination, in dreams, we strive towards immortality; we hope to renew our youth. That, as it turns out, we cannot do. No New Year ever made anyone younger. And we know that in most cases New Years age with horrible swiftness like beauty and roses and the other things praised by the poets.

But even the illusion is something. It helps us to work with new energy. It is a human equivalent of that strange old belief, about which Sir James Fraser has just told us in "Folklore and the Old Testament," that the serpent, shedding his skin, emerges younger than ever, and so lives eternally—he who in Eden deprived humanity of the first eternal life. We want an occasion for the great new start in common. We want our Spring season for the mind. This year we want it more than ever. And this year we really have it.

For it is, for once, a new New Year. We have a whole new condition—war (we hope) is over; peace at hand. We have a new House of Commons—greatly needed. We are to have a new Government full of new ideas.

It will be "nobody's fault" then if this New Year soon assumes the ancient mask—if the new condition seems as uncomfortable as the old, if new disputes and wars replace the one now ended, if the old men creep back into the old places with the old prejudices, if the new House of Commons is simply a dull Assembly for registration of the old errors over again. . . . No, we say it firmly, in confidence derived from the bugles, no—it cannot be! Surely the great relief will bring great change and change for the good at last. The bugles sound the better year. The maroons boomed over the old one. W. M.

NEW YEAR: 1919.

The year begins anew; lift up your hearts,
For where dawn breaks and lofty mountains rise
Peace comes at last; behold a rainbow parts
The heavy darkness of tempestuous skies.

By those wide fields, strewn with pale asphodel,
Beneath enfolding shadow of the Cross,
Peace comes at last, and whispers: "All is well,
"Lift up your hearts, nor long lament your loss."

For these your dead are where the morning stars
Together sing, beyond earth's further sea;
There Youth and Love prevail, and bitter wars
Pass out and fade, nor shall remembered be.

—MABEL LEIGH.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Look not mournfully into the Past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

THE NEW ILLUSION: "HURRY ON!"

IS OUR MOTTO TO BE "SPEED UP" OR "SLOW DOWN"?

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON.

A FEW nights ago, while hurrying homewards, I suddenly stopped and asked myself what I was hurrying for?

There was plenty of time. I had no urgent appointment. My day's work lay behind me. Why on earth, then, was I lunging forward with tense and anxious nerves, for all the world as though I were about to enter battle?

The reason, of course, was simply that I had acquired the hurrying habit. To hurry had become a part of men, and my subconscious nature continually urged me forward without troubling to discover whether I had anything to gain therefrom or not.

Now I am going to advance a theory which I expect to be challenged, but I believe, nevertheless, that it is based upon a funda-

mental truth: speed, instead of assisting the progress of mankind, constitutes one of its greatest perils.

And we are girding our loins for about the highest "speeding-up" that it has ever known. The earth is to be girdled by aeroplanes. We are to reach New York in twenty-two hours, to travel from London to Manchester and back between breakfast and lunch, and by breaking record after record we are to travel along the path of progress.

In reality, there will be no progress at all about it. We shall merely spend ourselves in a mad and senseless competition, which will send the least fleet to the wall and yield the world's reins to a group of nervous, over-strained individuals.

It is a common form of argument to point to the numerous definite achievements which have been brought about by "progress." Let us examine a few of them. Not in all cases, but in many, we shall find some fallacy or contradiction.

Tremendous strides have been made in medicine. Wonderful cures and astonishing remedies have been discovered. In how many

cases have the ills dealt with been set up or increased by the condition of nervous tension out of which the remedies have sprung?

I should like to hear a Harley-street doctor's voice on this point.

Our traffic system is, we say, a wonderful advancement on fifty years ago. The annual casualties are also a wonderful advancement, but that is the least sinister side of the question. The man hurrying every morning for his train, his impatience on losing five or ten minutes, the speed at which he travels and his dependence upon that speed—these are among the things that fret his life away.

Machinery and men.

For his personal financial gain it may be a good thing to get to his office in ten minutes instead of twenty. In the world's economies there is nothing in it. It is only because other people hurry that he, too, hurries. Wise in his generation is he who, while hearing the pattering feet around him, can halt his own!

Machinery would be a boon were the poor devil who worked it only allowed to enjoy the

THINGS THAT NEED NOT CONTINUE IN PEACE TIME.—No. 13.



The impossibility of getting anything done to the house which (after four and a half years) is falling to pieces. Poor little Mr. Housholder finds the delay and the bill the worst part of it.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

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time it saved. But he is not allowed to enjoy it. It all goes to increased production. He must continue working the machine, feeding two or three hundred minutes into the hour, and bowing his neck in a sort of benumbed submission to the passionless mechanism.

The great boon of machinery will come when we receive the time it saves, not in the form of increased goods, but in the form of increased hours in which to be free from the necessary toil of existence.

Our grandfathers did not have six or seven posts a day, and did not suffer in consequence. Nor did they get any less pleasure out of their high bicycles than we get out of our motors. Fewer of them suffered from nerves.

It will be a happy day when we realise that speed is not necessary for our mental, physical, or moral happiness. Speed is probably the biggest smasher-up of nerves that we have. It imbues us with the hurry habit and the fretting mood, creates its own necessities, and draws us ever farther away from the simple things of life which are the most enduring.

What we require to-day is to reverse, by common consent, the cry of "Speed up!" into "Slow down!"

THE CHURCH AND MONEY.

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH THE FIVE MILLIONS ASKED FOR?

REFORM FIRST.

IT is true enough that the clergy should be better paid. They are scandalously underpaid at present.

At the same time, the mere fact that we pay the clergy better will not give them greater influence as priests.

That is because they are hampered by having to administer obsolete rites and a system remote from our needs.

Let the Church first set its house in order and then ask for its five millions. A. D. L. Brunswick-place, Hove, Brighton.

OUR SERVICES.

"A SAD Churchman" is typical of these times. In the great trial he has gone to his Church for consolation. And he has found it wanting.

It was small consolation indeed to go to Church, in the midst of the most fearful calamity in history, and to hear remote Hebraic lessons—stories about Jehoshaphat, or the generations of Noah. It is the defective services and the lack of a truly consolatory ritual that is killing our Church. We simply cannot endure its obsolete Hebraising any longer—the Old Testament spirit with its taboos and revengeful warlike spirit.

As remedies I, as a Churchman, venture to recommend a thorough revision of the Prayer Book, involving abolition of the colourless service known as Matins, and the restoration of the most beautiful service in the world, the Mass, to its proper place.

This is no "modernism." It is a reversion to all that was right in the devotional life of our ancestors.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTED CHURCHMAN.

POVERTY AND PERSECUTION.

THERE is one thing that should be overlooked in the argument about the raising of £5,000,000 for the work of the Church of England, and that is will it further the object those who strive to obtain it advocate?

Everyone must admit that there is much work to be done by the Church of England. Everyone must admit that there is much room for improvement before it becomes the Church of the poor as well as of the wealthy. But if we look through the annals of history we shall find that the greatest progress in the Church has been through poverty, privation and persecution.

It is not a very happy outlook from this world's standpoint to take upon oneself the trials of a true priest, and I readily admit that it requires very strong physical capacity, as well as mental. But they do not lay up for themselves treasures in this world, but in the next. F. MARTIN HULK.

CLASS CHIVALRY.

LAST Saturday I was straphanging on the "Tube" when an obviously poor woman, with a baby in arms and carrying a "Bart's" Hospital out-patient's card, entered the train at the Post Office Station.

No one offered her a seat. At the Tottenham Court-road Station a lady, wealthy-looking, with two girls (aged about seven seventeen), with parcels of costly toys, etc., came into the same compartment.

Instantly three men jumped up, presenting Mme. Dives and her daughters each with a seat, which were eagerly accepted with a careless "Thank you so much." At Holland Park they left the train, when the woman with her baby was able to sit down.

This may be good enough for the afternoon west-bound trains, but it's not the chivalry of a 6.30 a.m. "workman's."

FRED EDWARDS WHITEY.

IN DESOLATE GERMANY.

WE have read your letters from "T." and "Medicus" with the greatest amusement. "We," I should state, are the six subs. of a company on the extreme edge of an occupied territory in a most desolate part of Germany.

Our average stay in France amounts to over two years, and not one of us has spent a Christmas at home since the commencement of the war—and what hopes of twelve days' Christmas leave this year!

The worrier of bank clerks and east coast "wallahs" do indeed make us laugh! THE XX.

DECORATIONS.

NOW that distinctions are being issued for men serving in a theatre of war before December, 1915, could not something be done for those soldiers who were serving on mobilisation, 1914, and previous to that date, but who were unable to proceed overseas owing to being under age? In the Guards, for instance, we were not sent to France until nineteen years of age, but were doing in most cases valuable work in England since 1914, until attaining the required age.

A COLDESTREAMER.

IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 31.—Although the flowers of the winter heliotrope (petasites fragrans) are not very attractive—being a dull lilac colour—it is nice to have them in the garden at this season. The blossoms have a delicious fragrance and are valuable for bringing indoors. The winter heliotrope is a very strong grower and will soon overrun a bed. It should therefore not be planted in a choice position. It will be quite happy in a shady corner of the garden.

The delightful little winter aconites are already raising their bright yellow flowers from the damp soil. This is a charming early flower to naturalise under trees. H. F. T.

MORE COMPETITORS FOR "THE DAILY MIRROR" WOMEN WAR WORKERS' BEAUTY PRIZES



A worker with an excellent record of useful service rendered during war-time.



With over two years' record of good work at a munition works in Birmingham.



Serving with reserve detachment of V.A.D. in a South London centre.



Working at headquarters establishment of the Navy and Army Canteens Board in London.



With a good record of wartime service in munition factory.



Doing secretarial work in the office of a controlled factory.



Has a record of nearly three years' service at a South London munition works.



NAVAL OFFICER'S WEDDING.—Lieutenant W. R. Russell, R.N., married to Miss Benton at Marylebone Parish Church, London, yesterday. Wedding party after the ceremony.



BLUE BOYS' CHRISTMAS TREE.—Father Christmas distributes presents to blue boys at the Y.M.C.A. hut attached to First London General Hospital, Camberwell, London.

WHAT I HAVE JUST SEEN IN RUSSIA

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S PICTURE OF EVENTS.

By Dr. D. A. STEPNEY: Who has lately returned from her work as head of a hospital for war refugees in Kazan.

I HAVE returned from Russia and I find people here still naturally ignorant and (perhaps not so naturally) indifferent to all that is going on there.

I want to give my own view—a woman's view—of what I saw.

In May, 1916, I went to Russia as doctor to hospital in Kazan founded by British women for the relief of war refugees.

In April, 1917, there being no more refugees, the expedition was recalled, but I stayed on at the request of the Russian municipal authorities, who took over the hospital. I have thus seen the life of a large provincial university town during the end of Tsardom, the revolution of March, 1917, and during "The Year One" of the Red Terror.

One's impression of the early days of the March revolution was that the crowd seemed afraid to rejoice, as if they feared the consequences of their suddenly-gained freedom.

All went well, however, for a few months.

Then political parties began to break off, Kerensky's hold weakened, Germany saw her chance and took it. German agents and German money strengthened the hands of fanatics and spread revolt amongst the soldiers at the front and the peasants in the rear. The soldiers gladly turned upon the officer class, whom they regard as their natural enemies, and in October, 1917, civil war broke out all over Russia.

In Kazan, where I was, street fighting lasted only two days, but was sharp.

WE DIDN'T RUN AWAY!

"The English Hospital," as it was still called, was, I think, the only local institution the servants of which did not flee in panic, though the Bolsheviks guns were just behind our fence. We were too near to be in danger, for the shells were bound to rise over our heads. The simple Russian nurses and servants were proud of belonging to "the English Hospital," and it was enough to say to them: "Since you are the English Hospital you can't run away; the English never do."

"Arasho, doctor" ("Very good").

So they worked on as usual, under fire, moving patients to the ground floor and barricading windows.

The Bolsheviks celebrated their victory by burning the inspector of the Military School—in mistake for the colonel in command. When the son came home from the front, in all the disgrace of retreat, he found his mother and sister insane from grief and terror.

From all the surrounding country came accounts of ruined estates.

The valuable library belonging to an acquaintance of mine was used to paper the beetle-covered walls of the peasantry, to whom he had been a life-long benefactor.

"If we do not destroy your property the soldiers will punish us," was the excuse.

Lawyers were thrown out of work, as law was declared unnecessary; and an elderly Judge whom I knew, with a family of twelve, shovelled snow to get food.

I knew of a princess who served in a dairy, and starving officers' wives who sold newspapers, while hooligans in military uniform stuffed their boots (the Russian's pocket), with paper money, and the peasants buried bottlefuls of it in their gardens.

HOW THEY GET MONEY.

The Government adopts dark methods of replenishing its exchequer.

I know an elderly professor, in feeble health, rector of a university, who was imprisoned on the usual charge of being "contra-revolutionary," i.e., anti-Bolshevik.

After three weeks' imprisonment his wife was told she could take him out on payment of 10,000 roubles.

But she had not even money with which to buy him food in prison, so his fellow professors voted the tenth part of their salaries for the month—3,000 roubles.

"Is not that enough to buy his freedom?" "No! But say 5,000. Take him out now, but bring the remainder in three weeks' time, or he will be re-arrested."

An elderly lady of my acquaintance was shot because her husband had written some anti-Bolshevik pamphlets. He could not be found, but when I left Kazan he had been caught and imprisoned.

An old Bishop, the friend of some influential people whom I knew, was buried alive for protesting against brutalities.

Last summer, however, hopeful rumours were spread.

The Czech-Slovaks are coming. It is the Allies helping us!

Two days of fighting, and at midnight, with martial music, the victorious Czechs and Serbs marched into the Kremlin. There had been a magnificent thunderstorm accompanying the roll of guns and the crack of rifles from the rooftops, but now all was still. Eagerly

watching from my window, I saw a shooting star fall right over the Kremlin Gate, in front of the ancient tower which remains from the days when Ivan the Terrible took this last Tartar city.

The horrors of war were emphasised next day by the sight of the corpses lying in the sunny streets.

From 20,000 to 40,000 people fled in the wake of the troops as the "Reds" came in. The Czechs had succeeded in conveying sixty-five millions sterling by tramcar down to the Volga, and this, I believe, eventually reached Siberia.

Trotsky and his bodyguard, riding noisily in, were said to be much annoyed at their lack of welcome. But they decorated the town with banners: "Death to the bourgeoisie!" "Hail to the red revolutionary terror!" "We are the leaders of world-wide revolution!"

When I applied for leave to travel, the commandant flatly refused it and jeeringly asked:

"What do you want to go to England for? You've got revolution there, too!"

Trotsky's army is evidently better equipped now than at first.

By the way, there is a British Red Cross Society's ambulance car, "presented by the Nottingham lace and hosiery workers," bumping over the vile roads of Kazan on Bolshevik errands.

Recruiting is carried on by force.

But I am sure the spirit of the troops is not shakable. There is very little, if any, devotion to any political ideal. High rate of pay and the fear of being shot hold the men together, and desertions take place on an increasing scale.

The feeling of discontent in the peasant homes, from which the soldier comes, grows more acute. I believe that most of the troops would be glad to give up if they were faced with sufficiently strong opposition.

At any mention of Japan they become restive.

"If it is a choice between Japanese and German control, give us the latter," says one eminent professor of history, with a wry face—this before we knew of the armistice.

On all sides I have met with unbounded admiration of, and respect for, the English.

So stood things in Russia when I left. The future? Even the expert prophets cannot tell. I tell what I saw. I leave the judgment to your readers.

D. A. STEPNEY.



A "demobilised" Army horse is being offered for sale. Many are anxious to purchase.

WHY WOMEN M.P.s ARE NEEDED

A REPLY TO ARGUMENTS AGAINST THEM.

By EVA GORE BOOTH: The well-known Trade Union worker, secretary of the Manchester Women's Trade Council.

SO far the woman M.P. has not materialised, except in the rather shadowy form of an Irishwoman, the result of whose political convictions is her present address in Holloway Gaol, and who has at present no intention of hanging up her hat on the special peg reserved for her at Westminster, even if she were free to claim it.

I need not say that I profoundly regret this result of the first woman's election. I need not say that I disagree entirely with the arguments put forward in your columns by Miss Willoughby yesterday. We suffragists would have welcomed the advent of women M.P.s as a guarantee that Parliament would cease its age-long habit of putting its blind eye to the telescope as soon as a question involving women's special interests is concerned.

Others, who gave their vote to a woman candidate as a sort of insurance against the re-appearance of the infamous 40 D, purged from the taint of its association with Dora and dressed up to look like an innocuous measure of social reform, must fall back on the forlorn hope that some clear-sighted man will be inspired to distinguish the features of the wolf masquerading under the guise of Grandmotherly Legislation.

Many people will find it strange that the enormous number of married women who have been enfranchised have not yet found their natural representative in a member of their own sex, through whom the voice of the working-class consumer would be heard in the land.

One fact of great promise emerges from the welter of disappointed hopes to cheer the disconsolate suffragist.

Women were not defeated as women.

No special surprise or antagonism was aroused by their standing. Their failure is not to be attributed to their sex, but to the special conditions of the present election. Their time will doubtless come soon in the sober days of peace, when social and industrial reform push their way back to the front of the political stage.

At present neither the old tradition of inferiority seems to have put stumbling-blocks in their paths nor, as some people expected, have the specialised needs that have arisen out of this repression inseparable from that tradition

gained for them any considerable body of support.

Is it the suffrage we have to thank for the fact that the slate has been wiped practically clean of this kind of argument, and that we hear no more of the political incapacity inherent in their sex?

Appropos of that I have heard absurd arguments against the very vote for women from those very women who have been voting.

Perhaps Miss Willoughby is of these, since she proclaims that she is glad to have had the vote—in order to use it against other women. In the same way no doubt she will use the vote got for her by woman suffragists to expel woman from private professions as well as from public life. I imagine her attitude belongs to a now fairly remote period of the "woman movement."

Certainly, in earlier days of the women's movement women were popularly supposed to distrust their own sex so much they would not even employ them as doctors. And, on the other hand, I remember one case of a working woman who refused steadily to have a doctor for her confinement, until she was told that she could have Dr. Mary M.—"Oh," she said, "a doctor in petticoats! That's quite different," and sent for her at once.

"An M.P. in petticoats!"

Not so long ago such a suggestion would have been hailed with delight by anti-suffragists as the *reductio ad absurdum* of women's suffrage. How will antagonistic meetings used to try and entrap suffragists into the admission that they wanted women in Parliament.

WOMEN LOBBYISTS.

I must own it was a trap I always fell into, though some speakers were very clever at evading the acid test. However, one usually found it was one of those bulls that, if you take them firmly by the horns, cease roaring in a surprising way.

At all events, nowadays that particular bogey has disappeared with the snows of yesteryear. Women may have failed to get elected, but they all polled good large votes, and their policies were obviously of more interest to the electors than their petticoats. In no case were they contemptible opponents. On the contrary, the results were very promising for future contests.

But, in spite of this hopeful promise for the future, there is one class of the community who will mourn over the defeat of the women candidates.

How many women have thought, as they sat in the lobby (the very outer lobby), hour after weary hour, trying to buttonhole good-natured but bored M.P.s on some vital question of women's labour that was as remote from them as the stars in heaven?

"Why can't we have one of our own people here to appeal to, a fellow-worker and fellow-sufferer from the burden of industrial and social inequality?"

In the old suffrage days, I remember a policeman saying to me as he took my card with a cynical smile: "What's the use of it? They'll never do anything for you. I know 'em!"

One does not want to be ungrateful for crumbs fallen from the electors' table of consideration and help from kindly M.P.s. But these acts of individual charity are not to be depended upon.

The lack of the woman lobbyist has already been made a lighter one by the possession of the franchise. And in spite of temporary defeat one cannot help feeling that the rising tide is with us. And, with all respect to the Prime Minister in Barrie's delightful play, it is not so easy to "damn the rising tide."

"BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME"

In view of this fact, I venture to prophesy that it will not be very long before the pencil of the doorkeeper at St. Stephen's is worn blunter than usual by hosts of suffragists eager to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Despard's mantilla and to snatch the opportunity of enlisting the support of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and other women.

When that happy day at last arrives, the woman lobbyist need no longer fear the unspoken comment of the polite policeman, "What a silly game! They'll never do anything for you there."

Let us hope that England will catch up with Ireland soon!

Let us hope that the old "illogic," which claims that women cannot act in political life, but can only inspire the actions of others, will go the way of so many other obsolete theories yearly proved wrong by the event.

What is always being abundantly proved is that women can do what "old-fashioned women" say they can't do. I have no doubt that the old proof will be renewed in the case of women in Parliament.

If so, the old-fashioned ones will no doubt follow us, and begin ardently voting for women M.P.s—as once they fought against the vote; then used it when they got it!

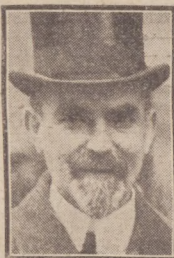
EVA GORE BOOTH.

PERSONALITIES—

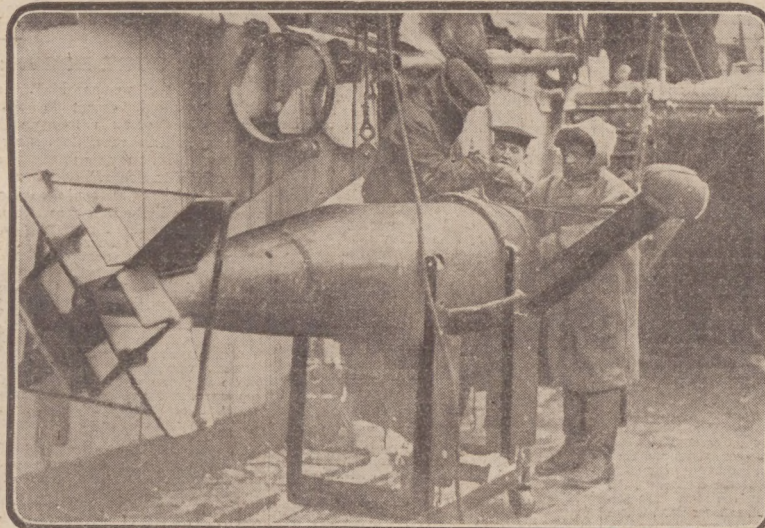
WITH THE BRITISH NAVAL FORCES NOW PATROLING THE



Lieutenant Stuart Douglas Culley, of the sea patrol, who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry.



Mr. Patrick Quinn, M.V.O., superintendent of the Special Branch of the C.I.D., who has retired after many years of service.



Adjusting a paravane on H.M.S. Caradoc for the destruction of enemy mines adrift in the Baltic.—(Official.)



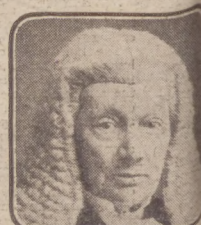
"ALL CLEAR!"—One of the boy scout buglers who sounded the "All clear!" call as the old year was passing into the new.



Officers of H.M.S. Caradoc ready to start off for a duck-shooting expedition



Christmas post reaches Baltic. British naval squadrons are in command of the Huns so determinedly as their own all German serve and keep a close watch on the damaged strayer shown in picture on the right.—(Official p. survivors from H.M.S. Cope)



Justice Thomas Willes, Master of Supreme Court, King's Bench Division, who receives the honour of knighthood.



Judge Edward, Judge of the County Court, who receives the honour of knighthood.



RETURN OF FRENCH WAR PRISONERS.—A continuous stream of released war prisoners is now pouring into France from Germany, notably by way of Amsterdam and Cherbourg. The above photograph, taken at the latter port, shows a French transport with war prisoners released from Germany.—(French official.)



Mr. William Sutherland, private secretary to the Premier, becomes Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.



Vice-Admiral Sir Somerset Arthur Gough-Calthorpe, who becomes Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George.



Admiral Sir Charles E. Madden, who receives the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.



Sir Eric Campbell, who receives the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

IN THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS' LIST.—Some notable military and civilian recipients of the

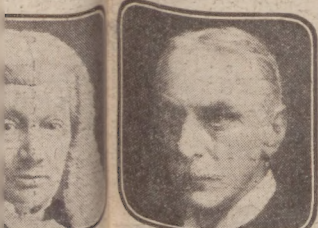
TROLLING THE BALTIC AND WATCHING GERMAN COASTS

—INTO-DAY'S NEWS



The German liner Prinzessen, bound for Stettin, signals her name and business to H.M.S. Caradoc

reaches Baltic in command of the Baltic, which squadrons are determined to keep a close watch on all German ports. The de- in picture on m H.M.S. Caradoc. (Official photographs.)



Judge Edward Bray, of Bloomsbury County Court, Chairman of the Council of County Court Judges, receives a knighthood.



A damaged destroyer lying alongside the repair ship for temporary restoration to a state of fitness



Mrs. Lurline Higon, daughter of Hon. H. Moses, N.S.W., engaged to be married to Brigadier-General T. H. F. Price.



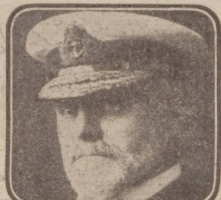
Lieutenant-Colonel R. Collishaw, D.S.O., who is to attempt the cross-Atlantic flight, starting from Newfoundland.



GREAT RECORD.—Miss Doris Beaumont, the wartime river postwoman of Staines, has resigned. She has rowed nearly 2,500 miles.



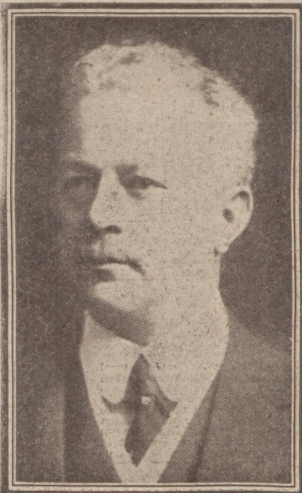
Eric Campbell, First Lord of the Admiralty, receives the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.



Vice-Admiral Sir Montague Edward Browning, who becomes Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.



Sir L. A. Selby-Bigge, secretary to Board of Education, who receives the honour of a baronetcy.



Sir Abe Bailey, member of the House of Assembly, South Africa, gazetted as the recipient of a baronetcy.



MEMORIAL SERVICE AT MILAN.—Outside Milan Cathedral after an impressive memorial service for the men who fell in fighting against the attacks of Hun barbarism. Troops leaving the church.

Coats & Skirts Dept.
creates a startling precedent in Bargains.
(First Floor).



One of many smart and good value Tweed Coats and Skirts. Usually 9 gns. Reduced to **4 gns.**

One of our many Models in Velour, handsomely trimmed with Fur. Colours: Wine and Mole. Ordinarily 25 gns. Reduced to **16 gns.**

French Blouse Dept.

(First Floor)
Offers this and many other exclusive Derry & Toms Bargains.

The illustration shows a Derry & Toms exclusive Voile Blouse, charming in style, and specially made to our ideas of colour, as follows:—Grey with Lemon Collar & Cuffs, Navy with Vieux Rose, Navy with Champagne, Black with White, Putty with Navy, Grey with Navy, Navy with Jade Nigger with Champagne. Astonishingly Reduced Price **11/9** Postage 6d. extra.



The "Derry" Voile Blouse.

The famous Linen

Dept. has Wonderful Cretonne Bargains to Offer.



A Wonderful Stock of Cretones, all excellent value, at the usual price—1/11 and 2/6. They are last season's designs, and include a big recent "Job Purchase." The remarkable Sale Price is

1/6½
PER YARD.

Delivered sent to any part of United Kingdom.

Silks Department

(Ground Floor) offers the most beautiful fabrics at almost nominal prices.

Superbly rich all-silk Crepe de Chine, in Ivory, Sky, Pink, Lilac, Lemon, Primrose, Turquoise, Putty, Nigger, Violet, Black. An ideal crepe for evening gowns. 40in. Usual price 10/11. Sale Price **6/11**.
Fascinating Crepe Ninon in full range of delightful evening shades. 40in. Usual price 5/11. Sale Price **3/11½**.
Exquisite soft draping French Georgette in Pink, Sky, Flesh, Putty, Jade, Copper, Navy, Grey, Violet, Ivory and Black. 40in. Usual price 9/11. Sale Price **6/11**.
Magnificent all-silk Grenadine Satin of surpassing richness in Copper, Old Rose, Sky, Sage, Grey, Jade, Pink, Tomato, Amethyst, Purple and Black. 40in. Usual price 12/11. Sale Price **12/11**.

Derry & Toms

Great Winter Sale

Commences TO-DAY, Jan. 1

A new era in shopping is heralded on this first day of Peace Year, by tremendous price reductions in this wonderful old Store's Greatest Winter Sale.

Our FUR Dept. has a large Stock of the most luxurious Fur Coats, Stoles, Muffs, &c., to clear, at enormously reduced prices. The mild weather has created this great opportunity.



Magnificent wide straight Stole of real natural Skunk. The skins are beautifully worked into 3 strands 10ins. wide 24yds. long. Reduced **27 Gns.** from 39 Gns. to
New shaped Pillow Muff, consisting of six whole skins. Reduced from **12 Gns.** 18 Gns. to

A superb Stole in real natural cross Fox. Exquisitely marked skins, full deep fur, with beautifully mounted head and enormous fur. Wide straight animal shape. Reduced from **11 Gns.** 20 Gns. to

A magnificent Coat in Superfine Electric Seal. The deep Crush Shawl Collar is quite a new note. The skins are absolutely perfect, very soft and pliable. So skilfully worked that it avoids any apparent joining of the skins. 48 ins. in length, lined Chene silk. Reduced from **37 Gns.** 65 Gns. to



The Coat illustrated is of real Sable Marmot, which can be recommended for everyday hard wear. The skins are very soft and exceptionally light in weight. The contrasting Collar is of Skunk Orosom. 40ins. in length. Lined self Colour Satin. Also in O.S. Reduced from 29 Gns. to **18 Gns.**

A new Wrap for wearing in the house. It affords just the necessary warmth. Magnificent straight Stole in real natural Wallaby. Beautifully matched skins of the softest texture. Two outside pockets. 48ins. wide, 60ins. long. Lined soft Silk. Reduced from **4½ Gns.** 9 Gns. to

A really charming Coat in natural Musquash. Full Winter skins, rich dark colour. The high adjustable Collar closes to the neck. A very practical shape, can be recommended for hard wear. 48ins. in length. Lined Brown Satin with 2 deep outside pockets. Reduced from **28 Gns.** 40 Gns. to

Evening Gowns Dept.

(First Floor), has daintiest Frocks at Wonderful Reductions—for the most Wonderful Season.



MARCELLE. Charming Evening Gown, skirt and bodice of Ninon, and swathed band at waist of chiffon velvet to match, lined throughout self colours. Shades in Sky, Black, Ivory, Pink, Mauve and Grey. Reduced to **5 gns.**

DORA. Soft satin Evening Gown with Georgette bodice and sleeves, sequin stripes over shoulders, ribbon velvet on waist in corresponding shades. Sky satin with Mauve ribbon velvet, Apricot and Mauve, Vieux Rose and Sage, Pink and Sky, Ivory with Ivory velvet and all Black. Reduced to **4½ gns.**

Millinery Dept. (First and Second Floors.)

offers values that recall pre-war days.



Now and very becoming shape in Black Velvet trimmed with Petersham. Special Sale Price **29/6**

Also made in rich quality Velveteen trimmed with ribbon. **11/11.**

Smartest shapes in Velour Hats. Ordinary prices 2 gns., 2½ gns., and 3 gns. Special Sale Price **18/11**

Sent carriage paid in strong box, which should be returned or will be changed.

Underwear and Hosiery Depts.

(Under the Grand Dome) show tremendous Reductions.

Children's Sleeping and Night Suits in the famous Vixella make. White or Natural for boys and girls. With or without feet. Can be had in all sizes for children aged 2 years to 12 years. To-day's value 17/11. Stock been bought by us at a big discount. To be sold at one price **12/-**

Ladies' Natural warm Merino Combinations, high necks, short sleeves. Sale Price **9/11**

200 Dozen pairs of ladies' Black artificial Silk Stockings, slightly imperfect. Will be sold at a real Bargain. **2/6**

Dress Material Dept.

Demonstrates astonishing values in latest Utility Fabrics.

ARMURE. A fine soft woollen fabric, suitable for general wear, in a large range of colours. 39 and 40 ins. Ordinary value 8/11. Sale Price **5/11**

GABERDINE. a thoroughly reliable grade of this serviceable material for costumes and dresses of all descriptions. A range of 12 shades to select from. 48 ins. Ordinary price 14/2. Sale Price **11/9**

VENETIAN CLOTH. all wool, an opportunity of securing a winter-weight fabric at an exceptionally reasonable price. 60 ins. Ordinary price 16/8. Sale Price **12/9**

A Feast for Children's Sparkling Eyes. Wonderful Ballets for Children are held every afternoon, 3 to 4 p.m., under the direction of Mme. de Brissac. Invitations are issued by the Library. (First Floor), on receipt of visiting Card

Write to-day for Winter Sale Catalogue.
Remnants—Half Price—Thursdays
Commencing January 9.

The Eastern Street (Ground Floor) is open until January 10. Wonderfully realistic with real Eastern Bazaars. Indian Magician performing at intervals daily, and a real Oriental Cafe.

The Orient in Kensington.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Good Luck!

Two mascot dolls, dressed specially for the occasion with a starry and stripey effect, sat on President Wilson's breakfast table as his train bore him away from London. He was "seen off" at Victoria by a crowd of Britain's best. The King had an earnest chat with the President at the door of his saloon.

Royal Farewell.

Princess Mary was talking for some time with Mrs. Wilson before the Presidential party boarded their train. I am a child in these matters, but the black fur coat which the President's wife wore looked exceedingly costly as well as smart.

On the Platform.

After the train had steamed out the King spoke for a few minutes with a naval officer. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George, who came and also left together, had a big reception from the crowd that gathered to watch the distinguished people go to and fro.

Alexandretta.

Look out for trouble if the new Armenia really means to claim the port of Alexandretta. Early in the war Alexandretta was earmarked for the French, though no one now knows how the secret agreements will fare at the Peace Conference.

Watching the Bubble.

Mr. Dillon is not, it appears, down-hearted over the collapse of his party. He is adopting the motto of a famous Irish viscount, a namesake of his own: "While I breathe I



Miss Dorothy Markham is now playing in 'You Never Know, Y'Know' at the Criterion.



Miss Grace Suthery, daughter of the well-known sportsman, has worked at Y.M.C.A. huts.

hope." There are people in Ireland who think the Sinn Féin bubble will burst some time, and Mr. Dillon is one of them.

Cheerful Chief Secretary.

A Leopardstown friend saw Mr. Shortt at the races the day before the declaration of the poll, and he certainly looked as if he had no anxiety over Newmarket. He brought a party of twelve, including Mrs. Shortt, and his daughters, and somebody remarked that, "for a Chief Secretary, he looks very cheerful indeed."

"New Year's" Honours.

As I have expounded before, the political honours list will hide its secrets for a few weeks. It is likely to contain some surprises for the public. This is technically the "New Year's" Honours list, which is being postponed till later in 1919.

Nineteen Nineteen.

The big hotels, such as are not commandeered, had the jolliest parties imaginable to greet the New Year of peace, and, let us hope, plenty. Though the authorities did not see their way to let us toast 1919 in the cup which both cheers and inebriates, New Year wishes were none the less hearty.

Seats to Spare.

Mr. De Valera will have to resign a seat in Parliament, since he has been elected for two constituencies. He will, I hear, choose East Mayo, and East Clare will be handed over to another Sinn Féiner.

And More.

A few of his lieutenants (of whom the public has hardly ever heard before) were elected simultaneously for two seats, and the same procedure will be followed in their case.

Good News.

The town crier of Chertsey has nothing to cry about. Her son—yes, the town crier is a woman—has been awarded the M.C. He is Lieutenant R. E. Blaker, of the Tank Corps. Great excitement has been caused in the river-side town.

Still Wanted.

There is too much talk among V.A.D.s and war workers of all kinds about giving up their duties. These splendid women simply cannot be spared. The hospitals will need them for many a long day yet, and the massage and electrical treatment institutions must carry on as a permanent branch of the new Ministry of Health.

Better Pay.

Of course, the pay for the work, which is not too bad at present, will have to be put on a proper professional basis, and this matter is already under discussion in practical and business-like quarters.

Threepenny "Bitter."

It will be good news to the thirsty that ere long they may be able to have a half-pint of "bitter" for threepence. And it will be the real thing, too. The public are about tired of paying sixpence—in some places eightpence—for a glass of coloured water with a faint beer flavour.

Velvet for Men.

At the Playhouse the other night Mr. Lloyd George was wearing what looked to me like a black velvet dinner jacket. But I sincerely hope the fashion will not spread. The last celebrity I knew to wear a velvet coat was the late David Christie Murray.

Civil Servants' Bonus.

If you notice your friends in the Civil Service (permanent) wearing very pleasant expressions to-day do not be surprised. It is pay-day, and, moreover, the arrears of the war bonus granted as from October 1 last will be paid in full.

New Management.

Comparatively speaking, a newcomer to London, Mr. J. L. Sachs is reaching out after that historic theatre, the Haymarket. There he aims to produce, as soon as convenient to the present attraction, an American piece called "Friendly Enemies." I believe that certain American players are to be imported

Exit Spoil Sports.

The racing forces will reassemble to-day at Manchester with the comforting knowledge that nearly all their bitterest opponents have lost their seats in Parliament. Mr. George Lambert is the one outstanding exception.

Uniquo.

For the first time in the history of the professional sprint race at Powderhall a commissioned officer will compete. This is Lieutenant Dickens, of the Black Watch, who is expected to figure prominently.

A Revival.

There are many signs that professional running is likely to regain its old-time popularity. The sport was a foretime ruined by "crook" dealings. A totally different class is found on the tracks to-day, for which let us be truly thankful.

Admiral and Comedian.

Admiral Beatty will signal a special message from "Big Lizzie" to the Allambra when the Navy League matinee takes place. During the performance Mr. George Robey—along with the signal-flags, which have been made specially by the signalmen of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth.



M.F.H.

Talking about the admiral, there are great hopes that he will accept the Mastership of the Quorn. This would mean a speedy revival of the fortunes of that most famous pack.

Lord Curzon's Mansions.

In addition to Bodiam Castle, which he is restoring and furnishing, Lord Curzon is also engaged in restoring Montacute House, in Somerset, a famous mansion built in Elizabethan times. He further possesses his own family seat of Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire, one of the biggest mansions in the kingdom, where he is making extensive alterations.

THE RAMBLER.



Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister, and the Hon. W. D. Owen-Powlett, who was seen during the war.



A new picture of Lady Maidstone, whose husband, a lieutenant R.N.V.R., has the Croix de Guerre.

DAYS OFF.

Mr. Wilson Says "Farwell"—The Entente Against Bolshevism.

Two Kings and the Prime Minister—the holidays of both were interrupted by the visit of President Wilson—who will be away from London for a time. This is why Mr. Lloyd George left a Cabinet meeting on Monday to go to Buckingham Palace. What passed between the monarch and his first adviser is a secret. But it may be assumed that there were congratulations.

Building a Dam.

A cynical foreign diplomatist remarked to me yesterday: "I like to see Clemenceau defending the old doctrine of balance of power, but what sort of balance will it be? I will tell you, my friend. It will be the Western Allies on the one hand and chaotic Bolshevism over the rest of Europe. Instead of making a balance we shall have to build a dam."

First with the News.

M. Clemenceau has confirmed the information, first exclusively given in this place, that all is right with regard to "the freedom of the seas" so far as Great Britain's view is concerned. Mr. Lloyd George is not the man to give anything away.

Fewer Ministries.

It is, from what I hear, far more likely that some Ministries will be abolished altogether than that we shall get new ones. That is the way things are trending.

The Admiralty.

There may possibly be a surprise when the new First Lord of the Admiralty is announced. There are two fierce factions putting forward their different champions. The cry of one is "Pretzman!" while the slogan of the other is "Macnamara!"

For the Duration.

Dr. Macnamara was Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty when war broke out, and has done good work. Captain Pretzman held the same post in days gone by, and has since been a Civil Lord.

A Business Woman.

If we are exhorted to have more business men in Parliament, why not business women? None of the recent women candidates had had any business experience to speak of. Now, the lady you see here has. She is the Hon. Elaine Jenkins, who carries on sundry businesses left by her father, Lord Glenfawc.



Miss Elaine Jenkins.

Directness.

Since that peer died in 1915, Miss Jenkins has proved herself a most capable business woman, and is one of the directors of the Swansea and Mumbles Railway.

Those Horns.

I have before spoken of the fine collection of horns in the hall of 10, Downing-street. They were trophies of Mr. Arthur Asquith's prowess as a marksman. I understand they will now be removed, which was not thought worth while up to the time of the election.

No Dumping.

I gather that the question of "key" industries is not regarded as a very urgent matter. All countries are too busy looking after their own needs to think of "dumping" for some time to come.

Peter Robinson's Winter Sale

Commences Monday, Jan. 6—for 3 Weeks only

At Both Establishments
Oxford St & Regent St

Sale Catalogues are gratis and post free

Peter Robinson Ltd



THE DEPUTY GIRL

By JUNE BOLAND

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

EVE MERRIAM, recently married three years ago to her husband, alone in the world, she accepts the post of companion to a Mrs. Halsey. On her first arrival at her new home she is introduced to Mr. Halsey's son.

EVE, whom she recognises as her errand husband. Eve herself loves and is loved by Peter Halsey, who does not know of the barrier between them.

RACHEL VANE, a guest of the Halseys, herself intends to marry Maurice and treats Eve very coolly, scolding a possible rival. After a stormy scene she suddenly announces her engagement to Maurice.

Mrs. Halsey is not easy in her mind. Her secret desire is for Maurice to fall in love with Eve. Shortly afterwards Eve receives a surprise in the appearance of Peter Halsey at the Halseys' house. After a stormy scene she suddenly announces her engagement to Maurice. Eve, there and then, agrees to be his wife.

But a terrible surprise is in store for Peter. He learns that he may have to lose his sight. Eve, however, declares that she will marry him in spite of all. Mrs. Halsey accompanies Eve on a visit to her new home.

IN ARCADIA.

EVE was delighted to find that she had been given a room which looked out over the lake. It was a large apartment with two windows, each of which contained a wide seat, furnished with flat chintz cushions. The curtains and hangings on the bed; the covers of the sofas and chairs were all of the same design—an old-fashioned, subdued medley of birds and flowers on a background of cream.

The massive wardrobe, the bed and dressing table were of walnut—the room had not been disturbed, and its former owners had left it. The walls were of plain cream, and Eve, as she entered the room for the first time, had a sense of restfulness and quiet which soothed her. There was none of that over-luxury of design which the house in Gloucester-gate suffered from.

Mrs. Halsey's room was next door to her own. "It will make me feel more comfortable and less lonely as if I was staying in somebody else's house as I'm next you," said the old lady.

The two ladies entered in a solemn ceremony in the large dining-room, and then Mrs. Halsey retired to bed. Eve was longing to be alone, to wander over the great house and grounds—it was the first time in her life that she had ever been in such a house. But she had with her the never-ceasing ache in her heart that Peter would not be able to see and enjoy its beauties, and with it was the determination that she would devote her whole life to him—every hour and moment of the day.

Latent in her heart, too, was a hope, which she hardly dared express, that the affliction which had descended upon Peter so suddenly would pass away—that he would be cured. But she didn't dare to express this hope even to him; nevertheless it was there, like the kernel of life in the flower seed.

Next morning Eve awoke with a little feeling of excitement, and when breakfast was over she began to explore the house and then the grounds. The drawing-room was a magnificent apartment with six high windows looking out over the terraced lawns.

Mrs. Halsey instantly decided that it should be cleared out of the way of the festivity so that the young people could dance. Eve felt in little mood for dancing, but she smiled and let the old lady have her way.

"Let her enjoy herself," Peter had said with a smile, and the smile had touched Eve's heart; "this wedding of yours, Eve, is an epoch in her life, she's centring all her thoughts upon it. And"—he bent and kissed Eve—"you and I will have our time alone afterwards."

Everything you do and say makes me love you more," Eve had whispered.

She thought again of his words as she stood on the shore of the lake watching the stately swans.

"I must make friends with you," she said, "but you look very proud."

Eve put her hand in a basket and held out some bread, remaining motionless while one of the birds eyed her from a safe distance. Then, with a powerful beat of its feet, it began to glide towards her, and presently took the crust from her fingers.

She knew Mrs. Halsey was watching her from one of the windows, and she turned and waved a hand. After feeding the swans Eve visited the conservatories and the flower garden. Here she picked to her heart's content, returning to the house with an immense armful of flowers.

"I've always wanted to pick and pick until I dropped," she said, holding the blooms to Mrs. Halsey. "Aren't they lovely?"

"They're no lovelier than you are, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Halsey. "You're just a delight to my eyes. I'm just a selfish old woman," she went on, "I can't bear to think I'm going to lose you so soon."

"Peter and I will come and stay with you often if you will let us," Eve said affectionately.

"It's your home, dear," said Mrs. Halsey simply. "Eve, you must be the very best friend."

"And you're just like a mother to me!" Then her eyes became pensive. "I've often wondered what my own mother was like. She died before I can remember."

"Come, now, you mustn't look sad, or what will Peter say to me when he comes?" Mrs.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

Halsey shook her head at her. "And, upon my word, there's such a lot to do before the wedding. Eve laughed.

"You just love thinking you've too much to do," she said.

Eve spent the happiest of week-ends with Peter. Together they wandered in the grounds, round the lake and in the flower garden. Peter was still able to make out objects dimly, but he was continually irritated by the mistakes he made. Eve soothed him and consoled him, her power on making things easier for his sight.

"Eve," Peter said, catching her to his heart. They were alone on the moonlit terrace after dinner. "Eve, I don't think you are a woman at all—you are an angel!"

"I hope I am not," protested Eve. "I think an angel would be a most uncomfortable sort of person to live with."

"Has Mrs. Halsey asked a great many people down for the wedding?" asked Peter suddenly.

"Dozens and dozens," Eve answered laughingly. "I thought the writing of invitations would never end. I'm sure you and I don't know half of them."

"All the same, I wish," Eve said, with a little sigh, "that she would just have let us have a simple evening."

"Nothing matters," reiterated Peter, "except that you are going to belong to me. I don't care if the whole world comes to look on."

Eve came close to him and held his hand.

"Dear," she whispered, "nor do I—really."

EVE FORGIVES.

A FEW days later Mr. Halsey and a party of friends arrived, and after that guests arrived every day. None of these disturbed Eve except Rachel Vane, who came on one sunny afternoon and watched the preparations for Eve's wedding with anxious eyes. The wedding presents were all exhibited in a small drawing-room for the benefit of the guests and the household servants, and the plenitude of these made a jealous light leap into Rachel's eyes.

"I absolutely hate her," she thought as she examined a pearl and diamond pendant and tiara to match which had been Mr. Halsey's gifts. "She's got absolutely everything that makes life worth living. And I have nothing!" At last the day of Mrs. Halsey's elaborately arranged festivity came. Three days afterwards Peter and Eve would be married in the village church—a typical English village church—square-towered, grey-stoned and surrounded by that air of peace in solidifying that is so restful Peter the turmoil and unrest of the outside world.

The majority of the guests staying at Morton Grange were assembled for tea in the parlour. Mrs. Halsey sat behind a massive silver urn dispensing white Eve and several young people helped her.

Eve was not listening to the idle chatter round her as she was listening for the wheels of the dogcart that was to bring Peter from the station.

Her heart began to beat as it always did when Peter was near. She turned towards the front door, intending to go quickly out and help him in his entrance. He would have to face the hall full of guests, and she must tell him.

But at that moment Mrs. Halsey called her and thrust a cup hastily into her hand.

"Oh, that is Mr. Carpenter, dear," she said in a hurried whisper. "I've forgotten her, and you know how touchy she is."

Eve felt a little vexed, but she took the cup and handed it to Mrs. Carpenter, the vicar's lady, offering her Peter and milk. She had then the door had been opened, and she caught sight of Peter's tall figure silhouetted against the sky.

"I must get to him before he moves in," she thought. She knew he was looking for her. Peter's hand guiding hand was not near him. Then Eve suddenly saw Rachel Vane go swiftly forward, she saw her put out her hand, and Peter, dimly perceiving it, clasped it in his own.

"Darling," he whispered. Then deep colour flooded his face. He knew that he was holding a strange hand within his own.

Rachel Vane was staring into his face in utter amazement. Eve almost leapt towards him. "She said," she said, and her very voice held a caress, "we have all been waiting for you—a perfect crowd—Mrs. Halsey is pouring out tea to her heart!"

Eve put her hand in his arm and pushed him gently forward, and she had piloted him into a chair. Peter's face expressed deep chagrin and anger, but presently he recovered himself. Mrs. Halsey, with a dexterity which astonished Eve, kept the ball of light conversation rolling until after embarrassment at the incident had passed.

Several times during the next half-hour Eve saw Rachel Vane scanning Peter's features with puzzled eyes. Then she glanced towards Eve. Presently the eyes of the two women met, and, to Eve's surprise, she saw, for the first time, no hostility there.

Eve turned astonished eyes upon her.

"I could go into the garden," suggested Rachel, and a moment later Eve was walking by Rachel Vane's side along one of the paths.

Rachel was silent for a while, and Eve waited.

"I want to say to you," Rachel burst out suddenly, "that I am sorry for the way I have treated you—very sorry indeed. I—it—has come to me suddenly." Eve stopped in her walk and regarded the other's face gravely.

"Why do you say that to me now," she asked gently.

"Because—because," Rachel said, and to Eve's utter surprise there were tears in the

other woman's eyes, "I have guessed what has happened to Mr. Lisle."

"You have guessed?" Eve asked.

"Yes, he cannot see—can he?" Rachel spoke so gently that Eve could hardly recognise the voice that had always been so hostile. "Am I not right?"

Eve bowed her head without speaking. She felt Rachel take her hand.

"Forgive me, won't you?" she asked eagerly. "I have been mean and hateful to you—but I know how you care for him. I know, because I cared—and—and it seems so awful for you. Won't you forgive me?"

"Of course I will forgive you," Eve answered after a moment's silence. "I can even see how you came to think—the things you did think about me."

"I was hateful," repeated Rachel vehemently. At bottom she possessed generosity of spirit, and the catastrophe that had overtaken Peter in the strength and flower of his manhood appalled her and had opened her eyes to her own meanness. Her first impulse had been to ask Eve's forgiveness.

"I wonder," Rachel said impulsively, "I wonder if you would let me kiss you. 'Oh,' she cried suddenly, 'don't you know, can't you guess, how lonely I am?'"

Eve stretched out her hands in sudden sympathy.

"I can guess," she said with a tender gentleness which still further won Rachel. "Let us be friends."

They were silent again for a moment; then Rachel said quickly:—

"You and he don't want anybody to know until the wedding is over?"

"No—he—no wanted to keep it secret," Rachel nodded.

"I will help you all I can," she said, and clasped Eve's hand once more in her own.

Eve watched her as she sped towards the house. She lingered for a little at the garden gate, then, consulting her watch, realised with a start that it was time to dress.

An hour later Eve stood by Peter's side in the drawing-room. She was wonderfully beautiful to-night—in a gossamer robe of soft grey, with her pearls round her slender throat. They were alone in the drawing-room.

"I would give all I possess in the world to see you," Peter exclaimed passionately.

"Hush, hush, Peter," Eve placed her hands on his shoulders and, raising herself on tiptoe, looked close into his eyes. "You don't need to see me, sweetheart," she whispered, "because I am so close in your very heart that I am part of you. You don't need to see me."

Peter passed a hand over her hair.

"Tell me," he said in a low voice, "tell me exactly what you have on."

Eve could hardly believe as he fixed his wide-open eyes upon her that he indeed could not see her, that he merely caught her dim outline.

"I have on a pale frock of grey," she said, "grey of the palest that you can think of—like those puffy little summer clouds that sometimes float across the sky." Peter nodded, and she caught his hand. Here, you can feel it," she said, and she placed a floating end of material in his fingers.

"And round your throat?" asked Peter.

"Round my throat are the pearls Mr. Halsey gave me," Eve answered, "and on the slenderest golden chain—a chain that fairies might have wrought—is the ruby you gave me. But the ruby is tucked away in my bodice, Peter, close to my heart."

Peter touched her cheeks with the tips of his fingers.

"Eve," he whispered, "are you pale—or is there that exquisite pink in your cheeks—pink of the tint of the wild roses?" Eve laughed.

"I can't tell, Peter, my face is pink."

She went lightly across the room to a gilded Venetian mirror, while Peter turned his head in her direction and listened to the soft rustle of her draperies, to the sound of her footsteps almost noiseless on the carpeted floor.

"My cheeks are pink, Peter, but my face might have wrought—is the ruby you gave me. But the ruby is tucked away in my bodice, Peter, close to my heart."

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T.J. HARRIES & CO. LTD.
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STOCKTAKING SALE
Commences THIS DAY

BARGAINS
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

BLOUSES A SPECIALITY



Well-tailored Blouse, in good quality Crêpe de Chine, with smart coat collar. In Pink, White, Champagne, Sky, Navy and Bottle.

SPECIAL VALUE 15/11

Also with a smart scalloped collar, same colours and price.

NOTE.—Owing to Controller's restrictions we cannot execute POST Orders. A visit of inspection will amply repay.

Liberty of Action

CHILDREN, growing girls and women appreciate real liberty of action when they wear the "Liberty Bodice." The "Liberty Bodice" yields to every movement of the figure, yet affords comfortable support. It aids healthy development, gives grace and poise, and means better health and less fatigue.

"Liberty Bodice"
TRADE MARK

(KNITTED FABRIC)

The straps on the shoulders bear the pull of the suspenders and the weight of the underclothing.

Made in 13 sizes for Children. Also for Young Ladies and Ladies. For particulars send postcard for "Liberty Bodice" Book.

"Liberty Bodice" Factory (Dept. 44) Market Hill, London, E.C.



SPRINGS
SPREADS LIKE BUTTER
NICER THAN JAM
LEMON-CHEESE
NO COUPONS
1/6

CUT THIS OUT.

Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that the majority of cases of deafness and head noises were the result of this disease. This explains why ointments, sprays, and inhalers merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. Since this fact was fully established much time and money have been spent by a noted Specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated, and which has aroused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Parment (Double Strength), about 2s. 9d. worth. Take the home and dilute it with 1-pint of hot water, and add about 2 ounces of sugar or two dessert-spoonsful of golden syrup or honey, stir until dissolved. Take one dessert-spoonful four times a day.

A decided improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing becomes easy, while the distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing, clogged nostrils, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh, and which are often overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are now known to be directly caused by catarrh, therefore there must be many people whose hearing can be restored by this splendid home treatment.—(Adv't.)

The Overseas Daily Mirror.



The Picture Paper with All the News.

Soldiers, before returning, should send in a Subscription for the Overseas Edition of the Daily Mirror to the Manager, Overseas Daily Mirror, 23-29, Bouverie St., London.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE.

6 Months, post free to
Canada 16/6
To all other parts of
the World 18/6

PERSONAL.

RETURNED PRISONERS.—Information gratefully received of Lieut. (Temp. Capt.) W. B. C. Bucknall, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, "missing" and reported killed in action "May 8, 1917, at Monchy le Pœux; seen during May German Hospital, Douai, peripatetic Kensington Casualty later. Mrs. Harry Bucknall, 25, Wilt. anyone who knows of an Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer, or Private Soldier who has been blinded or mutilated, or is in the hospital, or who is not at a London Hospital, be so good as to communicate with Sir Arthur Pearson St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W. 1.

SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Graville gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W.12.

HOLIDAY FROCKS FOR THE CHILDREN



Master Three Years Old must have fluffy grey pantaloons to protect his small legs, and a flared coat of grey striped gaily in green, blue and orange and edged with fur.

For the privilege of flaunting a cloak of "poly" blue, with its gorgeous lining of cerise stripes, she must wear a very warm frock and big woolly gloves.

A workmanlike garment of cream frills banded in at the back and deeply cuffed to ward little wrists. Cap and knickers are of brown velvet and very comfortable.

BATTLES ON CANVAS

How the War Has Brought Out New Artists.

FROM BRUSH TO RIFLE.

The Canadian War Memorials Exhibition, which is to be opened at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, on Saturday, will introduce new and interesting personalities in the art world.

Among the notable paintings to be seen there are two large canvases by Captain Kenneth Forbes.

A representative of *The Daily Mirror* found Captain Forbes at the Royal Academy yesterday inspecting the work of other artists.

Asked what he thought of the exhibition, Captain Forbes said: "It will prove to be the most stirring pageant of war ever conceived or achieved."

This soldier artist was studying in London when war broke out. "Then I gave up all thoughts of art," he said, "and enlisted in the ranks of the Stock Exchange Battalion.

"I saw lots of fighting. It was very surprising. God wounded twice—also surprising. The greatest surprise was when I was handed over by the British Army to the Canadian Government to help them prepare this great exhibition."

The subjects which Captain Forbes has chosen to paint are: "Howler in Action" and "The Princess Pats at the Third Battle of Ypres."

It is generally agreed that one of the outstanding features of the exhibition will be not only the variety of subjects treated, but the variety of method in treatment.

A very interesting announcement in connection with the opening of the exhibition may be expected shortly.

TRAGEDIES OF WORRY.

"My Black Face, Which Has Not Had a Smile."

A nervous breakdown and the fact that he was about to retire on a pension, worried John Thomas Harris, aged sixty-six, an assistant surveyor, so much that he hanged himself from the banisters at his home in Rosemeath-road, Battersea.

It was stated at the inquest yesterday that he left a note to his wife in which he wrote: "The breaking up of our home to go and live in two rooms in some slum is more than I can bear. I know it is all brought about by my pension. We cannot live on £2 a week."

"I am sixty-six years of age, and work seems too much for me. My nerves are in such a state I don't know what I am doing. Sell the house and you will have £200 to go on with, and you will miss my black face, which has not had a smile for the past six months."

No Sleep for Fortnight.—It was stated at the inquest on John George Bailey, a Balham grocer, who cut his throat, that following illness he had not had an hour's sleep for a fortnight. He worried whether his wife would be able to carry on his business.

THE KING'S THANKS TO HOLLAND.

The King has sent the following telegram to the Queen of the Netherlands:—

"As the scheme for the internment of British prisoners in Holland is now terminated, I am anxious to assure your Majesty how deeply I appreciate the kindness, sympathy and consideration which officers and men of the British Army have received both in the administration of the scheme and in their everyday intercourse with the people of your country. They will look back upon their sojourn in Holland as their first experience of happiness and peace after the misery and hardships which they had previously endured."

SELECTING BEAUTIES.

No Portraits Entered in "Daily Mirror" Contest Overlooked.

FAIR CHANCE FOR ALL.

Every photograph, without exception, submitted for *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition for Women War Workers is personally inspected by the Beauty Competition Editor.

The task of eliminating "possibles" and "probables" from the mass of 23,000 photographs already received is immense.

It is also a difficult and delicate task because of the host of extraordinarily pretty women who are competing, but no competitor need fear that her photograph is not seen and carefully considered. None is overlooked, and in the final judging of those portraits submitted to the jury of artists each will be scrutinised with care.

The search for Britain's Queens of Beauty is being made in every way with great care.

The £1,000 offered by *The Daily Mirror* to Britain's most beautiful women war workers will be divided into forty-nine cash prizes, thus:—

First prize	£500	Twenty prizes	each of	£10
Second prize	100	Twenty-five prizes	each of	5
Third prize	50	Each of	25	5
Fourth prize	25	Each of	25	5

In addition the first four prize-winners will be given a week's free holiday in France some time in the spring. The journey to Paris and back will be made in one of the famous De Havilland aeroplanes.

Cash prizes of £25, £10 and £5 are offered also to the photographers who photograph respectively the winners of the first, second and third prizes.

The closing date of the competition is definitely fixed for January 15, 1919.

Letters must not accompany photographs. The name and address of the competitor, the branch of war service in which she is, or has been, engaged and her height must be written on the back of each portrait submitted.

All photographs should be addressed to: The Beauty Competition Editor, *The Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

SILVER BADGERS' TEETH.

National Panel of Dentists to Treat Them at Reduced Fees.

A scheme for the dental treatment of discharged sailors and soldiers is being inaugurated by the Ministry of Pensions, which hopes to establish a panel of dentists throughout the United Kingdom who will deal with cases of men whose teeth have become affected owing to naval and military service.

The following scale of charges is expected to be regarded as adequate:—

Examination and treatment when patient does not return for treatment	2/6
Scaling and gum treatment	1/- to 7/6
Extraction without anæsthetics, per tooth 1/-	
Extraction with local anæsthetics, per tooth 2/6	
Maximum for multiple extractions	15/-
Extractions under nitrous oxide, per administration	5/-
Fillings (simple)	1/- to 5/-
Fillings (with root treatment)	10/-

In cases where extractions under prolonged anæsthesia may be desirable in the interests of the patient a fee of one guinea will be paid to the anæsthetist and also to the dentist.

HANGING ON TO MOTOR WAGONS.

An accident illustrative of the danger incurred by boys attempting to obtain a ride on motor wagons occurred in Whitehall, opposite the Horse Guards, on Monday.

A boy, in trying to mount the connecting rod of a steam lorry and trailer, fell beneath the wheels and was injured.

The vehicle is described as a light yellow van and trailer, loaded with cabbages. Any information to any police station.

RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO AWAY.

RUB THE PAIN RIGHT OUT WITH SMALL BOTTLE OF OLD "ST. JACOBS OIL."

When your back is weak and aching; when lumbago, sciatica, or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of the old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from your chemist, pour a little in your hand and rub it well into your aching back, and by the time you can count fifty the ache and sense of weakness will be gone.

Do not submit to being crippled by rheumatism. This soothing, penetrating oil takes the ache and pain right out of your back, and ends the misery. It is magical, and does not burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and backache so promptly and surely. It never disappoints.—(Adv't.)

DON'T SUFFER FROM PILES! CURE THEM!

This can only be done by removing the cause. Continued investigation and close observation show piles are due to congestion, and a very simple and inexpensive treatment which will remove this congestion and thus cure piles is procurable by all sufferers from this most distressing complaint.

Proof can be produced to all who wish to see it, that the treatment referred to—Nemolin—has given complete relief after all other remedies have failed. During the past ten years thousands of cures have been effected.

Nemolin is sold by all chemists at 3s. 6d. per outfit, including special applicator, under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back, or it can be obtained from the Chief Chemist, Research Laboratories (Dept. 7A), 67, Bolsover Street, London, W. 1.—(Adv't.)

RHEUMATISM CURED IN ONE MONTH.

NEW "DUO FORMULA" STOPS PAIN AND LOOSENS EVERY JOINT.

Ten Days' Treatment Free.

Think of it! In thirty days from now you may be freed of every trace of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, or even Rheumatoid Arthritis. Hundreds of the worst cases have been cured. Why not you?

Mr. Harry, of Newbridge, Penzance, a sufferer for thirty-seven years from Chronic Rheumatism, has been absolutely cured.

Other remarkable cures are reported every day all over the country.

"Duo-Formula" was discovered a few months ago by Mr. Arthur Richards, who has since improved it until no case, however bad, is beyond the power of this wonderful remedy.

Every sufferer can have a ten-days' supply free of all charge.

Simply send your name and full address to Mr. A. Richards (Dept. 882), Hazlitt House, 43-48, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C. 2.

Write to-day, as this offer may not be repeated.—(Adv't.)

WHY BE TOO FAT

Regain your Health and Beauty and reduce your weight quickly by commencing the never-failing Anti-on treatment at NOW. It has 18 years reputation and is the only safe, sure, and pleasant remedy for obesity. No change of diet, but a reduction of 8 to 10 lbs. in a single day and night. Sold by Boots, 580 branches, all over the world. Price 5s. net, 1s. 6d. per box. Write to: Anti-on, 25, St. Mark Street, London, E.C. 1.

3/- per bottle post free. **Anti-on** 5/- double the quantity.

GREY HAIR

FOR SHADEINE this Grey Hair and Beard and mustache tint. It is the only safe, sure, and pleasant remedy for grey hair. No change of diet, but a reduction of 8 to 10 lbs. in a single day and night. Sold by Boots, 580 branches, all over the world. Price 5s. net, 1s. 6d. per box. Write to: Anti-on, 25, St. Mark Street, London, E.C. 1.

3/- per bottle post free. **SHADEINE** 5/- double the quantity.

WONDERFUL PICTURES AT THE CANADIAN WAR MEMORIALS EXHIBITION.



An impressive triptych by Professor Gerald Moira, which is a notable feature of the exhibition.

At the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition, which is to be opened at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, London, on Saturday next. The exhibition will

include nearly 400 paintings by distinguished artists of Great Britain and Canada. It forms a pictorial record of every phase of Canada's military achievement.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Sam Hughes, by Mr. H. Mann.



G.C.B.—General the Hon. Sir Julian Hedworth George Byng, receives Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.



G.C.M.G.—Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur William Currie, receives Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George.



PROMOTED.—Lieutenant-General Sir H. S. Horne, whose promotion to the rank of full general is gazetted.



THE CROSS FOR VALOUR.—Private T. W. Holmes, aged 19, Canadian Mounted Rifles, shows his chum the Victoria Cross which he received from the King.



TWO POINTS OF VIEW.—The New Year sales offer irresistible attractions to women on shopping bent. The babies involved are frankly bored.—(Daily Mirror.)



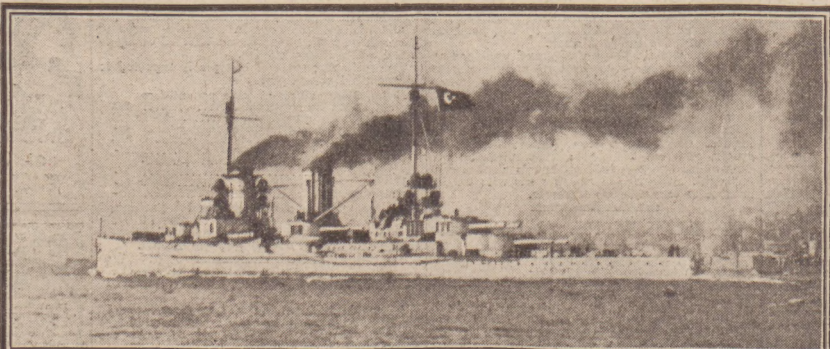
G.C.B.—General Sir Henry Rawlinson, Bart., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., receives Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.



G.C.M.C.—General Sir William Riddell Birdwood, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O., now becomes G.C.M.G.



K.C.B.E.—Major-General the Right Hon. Lovick Barnsley Friend, who becomes Knight Commander of the Order.

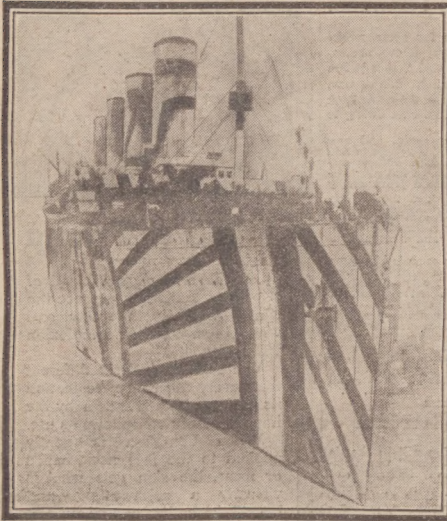


UNDER BRITISH ESCORT.—The Sultan Gawez Selim, once the German battle-cruiser Goeben, leaving Constantinople for her first sea trip since the Turkish surrender. She was accompanied by British destroyers.

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, January 1, 1919.

CANADIANS RETURN—



The camouflaged Olympic in Halifax Harbour.

Large numbers of Canadian troops have recently returned from the seat of war to their homes on board the White Star liner Olympic.



"MENTIONED."—Lieut.-Col. R. Fernie, "mentioned" in Sir D. Haig's dispatch, joined up as a "Tommy." In private's uniform.



AWARD.—Major F. Sowrey, the famous airman who, it is announced, has been awarded the Air Force Cross for conspicuous good service.



PARAVANE'S CATCH.—A hammer-headed shark caught by "paravane" gear instead of a mine while a British warship was journeying from New York to Newport News.

—AFTER DOING THEIR BIT AT THE FRONT.



The s.s. Olympic arriving at Halifax, Canada, with Canadian troops returning to their homes.



NOVEL PRESENT.—A Selby postwoman with a cat in her postbag, sent to a soldier's wife for Christmas. It had been a battery mascot.



WAR HOSPITAL SUCCESS.—Situation in the comic sketch, "The Wrong Flat," produced and performed by nurses and staff of Prince of Wales Hospital, at Tottenham. The patients have been hugely entertained by it.



AN ECHO OF THE CRIMEA.—The above photograph depicts a group of British marines at Sebastopol, with loyal Russian officers who are trying to recruit Russian forces to fight the Bolsheviks and thus save their country from a condition of terrorism and anarchy.